

VOL. VIII.-No. 198.

DECEMBER 22, 1880.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.



# Puck

PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



PAT'S DOUBLE BURDEN.

## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)  
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....2.50  
 One Copy, for 13 weeks.....1.25  
 (ENGLAND AND ALL COUNTRIES IN THE BERNE POSTAL TREATY.)  
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$6.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....3.00  
 One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers.....1.50  
 \*\* INCLUDING POSTAGE. \*\*

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

PUCK is on Sale in London, at HENRY F. GILLIG & CO'S.,  
 AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 449, Strand, Charing Cross, and at  
 THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Boulevard  
 Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31 Renfield  
 Street; in Paris, at TERQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin, and  
 on file at the *Herald* Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera. In Germany  
 at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

\*\* We cannot undertake to return Rejected Com-  
 munications. We cannot undertake to send  
 postal cards to inquiring contributors. We  
 cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps  
 or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake  
 to say this more than one hundred and fifty  
 times more.

Puck this week consists of

\*\* 20 PAGES. \*\*

This is necessitated by the pressure upon our advertising columns,  
which obliges us to add a supplement of

\*\* 4 PAGES. \*\*

to make up our usual allowance of reading matter.

## CONTENTS.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.  
 Holiday Gifts.  
 X-Mas Presents—poem—illus—Arthur Lot.  
 PUCKERINGS.  
 The Mis placed Diamonds—illus.  
 Jack Horner With Variations.  
 Puck's Patent Ready Letter-Writer. No. I.  
 She Paid When He Went.—Ernest Harvier.  
 FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CLII.  
 A Healthy Health—poem—L.  
 AMUSEMENTS.  
 LITERARY NOTES.  
 ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.  
 A 19th Century Boom.  
 "Peace and Good Will"—illus.  
 Bowery Business Beauties—illus.  
 Christmas—Past and Present—illus.  
 Enterprising—illus.  
 PUCK'S EXCHANGES

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**A**BOUT nine hundred and ninety-seven  
 thousand, eight hundred and eleven  
 newspapers throughout the country have  
 remarked that "Christmas is coming." This  
 observation had a startling originality about it  
 when the first hundred thousand journalistic  
 geniuses struck it; but the keen edge of novelty  
 is getting a bit worn off by this time, so we  
 won't venture on giving it to the public for  
 the 997,812th time. We want to show some  
 spontaneity at a season like this, and we had  
 rather lie than be monotonous. Therefore we  
 will say that Christmas is NOT coming. This  
 is an unholy falsehood; but it ought to be re-  
 freshing to the public.

To tell the truth, however, it is a remark-  
 ably small Christmas that is coming to the un-  
 fortunate Democratic Party this year. They  
 are out—very much out—of the festivities.  
 They are pretty well accustomed to the situa-  
 tion, of course; but this holiday season has an  
 extra forlornness about it. They were out last  
 year, too; but then they were hopeful. This  
 year hope has left them, like a beautiful phan-  
 tom; and the wail of Kelly's banshee, wailing  
 prophetically under the windows of Tammany  
 Hall, alone breaks the silence of the Bourbons'  
 solitude.

There are two national Christmas-trees this  
 winter. One is inside the White House, the  
 other is out. On one hang various nice, at-  
 tractive little gifts, suitable for holiday pre-  
 sents for gentlemen of political tastes. Mr.  
 Garfield has the dispensing of these modest  
 little offerings—secretaryships and minor gov-

ernment births, and it is wonderful what a  
 popular man Mr. Garfield is, just at present.  
 Everybody loves him. Even Conkling thinks  
 he is a nice man; and Conkling was a long  
 time making up his mind.

Outside, in the chilly darkness, is another  
 tree. That is the tree up which the Demo-  
 cratic Party has got itself. The Democratic  
 Party includes General B. F. Butler, who has  
 temporarily joined the freezing picnic up in  
 the tree. Butler is a nice man. So is Mr.  
 Tilden. So is Lamar. So are Hampton and  
 English. We wish them all a very pleasant  
 Christmas. They can look in at the Christmas  
 tree inside the White House, and make believe  
 that the presents are for them.

We wish also a Merry Christmas to the man  
 of statelier figure, who stands outside, but not  
 among the shivering crowd of malcontents.  
 He had better not stand too long, however,  
 looking in at the unattainable. He could never  
 have taken the place he sought. The country  
 believed he was not fit for it, and knew that he  
 sought it in the company of associates not fit  
 for him. In the place where he well serves  
 the country, may there be many Merry Christ-  
 mases yet for him.

The pæans that we sung last week on the  
 occasion of the signal defeat of Mr. John Kelly  
 have been echoed by the liberty-loving press  
 throughout the country. The extracts which  
 are daily published in the *Herald* must be hard  
 reading for Mr. Kelly. As a set-off the *Star*  
 prints opinions from other journals not unfavor-  
 able to the dethroned Boss; but it is a partic-  
 ularly slim show, and proves conclusively that  
 if he ever did enjoy any very extended popu-  
 larity, it has pretty well disappeared. But we  
 by no means think Mr. Kelly quite dead yet.  
 There is still plenty of fight left in him, and he  
 is not an enemy to be despised, especially dur-  
 ing the term of Mayor-elect Grace, who ought  
 to show some gratitude to the man who rendered  
 his election possible by the heartless sacrifice of  
 Hancock. Although Mr. Kelly no longer feeds  
 at the public crib—and we will admit that he  
 individually fed in a cleanly and respectable  
 manner; still there are many of his friends who  
 are enjoying the golden fodder and will con-  
 tinue to do so for some time. They cannot do  
 so much harm as Mr. Kelly; but, unfortunately,  
 they must in some degree be subjected to his  
 baneful influence. While a single one remains,  
 we can never expect to see any decent city  
 government; so for this desirable consummation  
 we must wait at least two years.

Two years. If upright men—we do not care  
 whether they are Democrats or Republicans—  
 work well during that time, it is not impossible  
 that every trace of Kellyism may be swept  
 away. But how carefully we shall have to  
 watch! Mr. Kelly lets us hear a great deal as  
 to the manner in which he administered the  
 finances of the city. "See," says he: "I had  
 charge of all this money, and, except my salary  
 of \$10,000 a year, I never used a cent that  
 was not mine, legitimately." Now although  
 mere honesty cannot be looked upon as one of  
 the cardinal virtues, still, bearing in mind the  
 character of Mr. Kelly's followers, we can  
 stretch a point and do so in Mr. Kelly's case.  
 The men that he has placed in responsible po-  
 sitions have never been, are not now, nor are  
 they ever likely to be as trustworthy as their  
 leader, so that throwing Mr. Kelly overboard  
 does not effectually settle the business, with  
 these legacies that he has left us. Leaders there  
 must always be; but Mr. Kelly and Tammany  
 Hall, and everything else will ultimately dis-  
 cover that bosses are not necessary to the gov-  
 ernment of a city. We are inclined to pity

Mr. Grace. What will he be without his Kelly  
 as king? It is, indeed, a particularly disagree-  
 able position for a brand new and thoroughly  
 inexperienced Mayor. Nevertheless; we would  
 strongly advise Mr. Grace not to take Mr. Kelly,  
 if he can possibly avoid it, into his counsels;  
 and if he follows our advice, he may perhaps  
 bless the day that he lost Mr. Kelly from his  
 side by that recent awkward spill from the city  
 chariot.

Our Irish friends are still at it, and yet they  
 give us very little that is new to say on the sub-  
 ject of their riotous proceedings and landlord-  
 shooting. An obnoxious landlord is daily dis-  
 posed of, and there is no diminution in the  
 number of cracked skulls. It is difficult to see  
 how all the fun is going to end. What do the  
 Irishmen who are kicking-up all this shindy  
 want? They say, or rather Mr. Parnell and  
 some other crack-brained gentlemen say, that  
 Ireland will never be happy until she governs  
 herself. From what we know of English and  
 Irish politics, we think that there is about as  
 much chance of Ireland having a government  
 of her own, as there is of Jeff. Davis becoming  
 President of the United States to-morrow. She  
 may rest assured she will never get it, and for  
 several reasons. In the first place she is not  
 fit for it, and if she were, it would be ridiculous  
 for Great Britain to allow a part of itself to  
 have a separate legislature. Ireland, as it is,  
 is too well represented in Parliament. That she  
 has suffered wrongs nobody denies; that many  
 of her landlords are selfish and unfeeling is also  
 true; but, taking into account all that the British  
 government is trying to do to better things, there  
 is no excuse for the brutal outrages that are  
 constantly perpetrated by Irishmen. These  
 barbarous practices are infinitely worse than  
 the demoralizing influence of the priests and  
 the demands of landlords, from both of which  
 evils Ireland is a chronic sufferer.

CAUTION  
TO THE PUBLIC.

A book has just been published called

## PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1881.

The work is brilliantly illuminated by famous artists,  
 including J. Keppler, J. A. Wales, and F. Oppen; and the  
 poems, essays, philosophical and scientific treatises with  
 which it abounds render it, without exception, the most  
 remarkable publication of its kind.

## PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1881,

besides all these things, has a number of

## COUNTERFEIT

presentments of many distinguished individuals, who will  
 at once be recognized by their friends, enemies and ac-  
 quaintances.

## PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1881

must not be confounded with the *Congressional Record*  
 or the *New York Herald*; they are not the same publi-  
 cations. Purchasers should

## BEWARE

of falling into the error, as efforts will probably be made  
 by heartless parties to induce them to buy these papers,  
 which are not in any way

## A COLORABLE IMITATION

of PUCK'S ANNUAL. There is nothing in our book that  
 is an

## INFRINGEMENT OF THE PATENT

of anybody. Everything is new, beautiful and original,  
 and the price is

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



# HOLIDAY GIFTS.



GAIN has the world rolled round and has brought us Christmas; not that we are especially anxious for it—for with us it is an old story—but it is here, and we and everybody else must make the best of the festival.

The subject uppermost in the minds of a majority of people is the gift question: "What shall I give, or what shall I receive?" Indeed, it is with most persons the only significance that Christmas has.

Eating and drinking, and taking a day's rest, are simply side-issues—the amount of money that you are to spend, or that is to be spent on you, towers above everything.

It is pleasant both to give and to receive if it is done in a proper spirit—it has been a custom from time immemorial, even among savage tribes, and perhaps may be considered as the trait that distinguishes man from the rest of the animal creation; and will also go towards disproving the assertion made by so many professors of the gospel, that man is naturally born wicked, and that it is only training example and association that make him virtuous.

In either case we Americans must be the most wickedly barbarous and at the same time the best people on the face of the earth, to judge by our system of present-giving.

But it is our national weakness to exaggerate and to overdo everything, and we certainly do so in this present business. We overdo it to such an extent that the charm of giving and receiving is entirely lost, and the whole thing resolves itself into a mere mercenary question of values.

In fact, it is fast demoralizing the community. A reasons that if he gives B a Christmas present that cost five dollars, B must at least offer something, in return, of the same value. If, then, B gives A a present of inferior character to A's—we will say at a cost of three dollars—A will probably consider B the meanest man or woman in existence, and will not hesitate to say so, and exchanges of Christmas currency will probably cease, and a frigidity of intercourse will ensue that had never been contemplated when the friendship commenced.

We very much fear that nine-tenths of these gift interchanges are made on this principle. Mean people throw a sprat to catch a mackerel, and in most instances succeed in landing the mackerel.

The practised hand in these matters is an expert in Christmas gifts. He knows to within a degree of mathematical exactness what to buy to insure a brilliant return for the outlay. He may possibly make a mistake one year, but it will be all right the next. The shrewd operator in stocks never laid his plans more carefully with a view of realizing the best possible profit on the investment.

The state of affairs then is simply this, that thousands of men, women and children give Christmas presents with the distinct object of receiving something in return; but of much greater value.

It is a humiliating confession; but it is true, and but proves what a very large supply of conventional human nature there is among us.

There are doubtless a few choice, unselfish spirits who give presents for the love of giving. Such people are never happy unless they are

in some form or other brightening up the surroundings of their fellow-creatures. They have no expectation of repayment in any form, and often distresses them if it is proffered.

On the other hand, there are listless creatures who do not mind receiving, but who never think of giving—not always because they cannot afford to do so, but they are too lazy and inconsiderate to bother themselves about their fellow-beings.

Reform is sadly needed in our gift system. We have done the thing to death, and made such a business of it, that it is remarkable that a Christmas gift exchange, conducted on the principle of those of Wall and Pearl Streets, has not been established ere this.

We ought to understand that in this festive season children and servants ought to be the first consideration, and that, if we make presents to each other, it is desirable to throw a little spontaneity in the action, to assume it, at any rate, if we have it not; and not to let it appear as if we were making a cheap contract with an undertaker to bury our mother-in-law.



# X-MAS PRESENTS.

READER, kind Reader, we know you, at best, 'Though a newspaper darkly, with black ink impressed; The kindest of phantoms, revealed but by half In the far-away echoing ring of your laugh; Yet we know that you're real; we know that you're there, "Kind" Reader, and "courteous," and "gentle," and "fair;" And we wish you the Merriest Christmas, and so

We are sure, does our Valued Contributor below, Who distributes appropriate gifts all around— In the stockings respective we hope they'll be found.

PUCK.

To Grant such a pile of rich golden stuff  
That at length he will say that he has enough;  
To Conkling a junior who is not so green  
As to help my Lord Roscoe to run his machine;  
To Kelly, in order to end all his capers,  
A permanent set of nice walking-papers;  
To Hayes just about the sum that he thought  
He could give to his party in need, i.e., naught;  
To Talmage just one extra leg and an arm,  
That he his wise people may more deeply charm;  
To Beecher a faith that will really excuse  
His curious thoughts and quick-changing views;  
To Jewell the hope that he may be set  
In a snug little place in the new cabinet;  
To Garfield that which the incumbent does lack,  
A supply of good bone, well fixed in his back;  
To Barnum, with which his turkey to cram,  
A new Morey letter, or an old telegram;  
To Sarah Bernhardt a sparkling new play,  
In which she can die in some novel way;  
To Evarts, when he from state cares is set free,  
A whacking big case and a thumping big fee;  
To Sherman a chance to figure once more  
As a member upon the Senate's broad floor;  
To every one else the wondrous good luck  
To be always supplied with a copy of PUCK.\*

ARTHUR LOT.

\* Our V. C. appears to be unaware of the existence of PUCK'S ANNUAL, a highly desirable Christmas present for all kinds and conditions of men, women and children —ED. PUCK.

# Puckings.

TOBACCO is following the example of coffee—the dealers in it are "busting." We anxiously await news from the oilymargarine and chicccory men.

THE largest foreign mail on record was sent out yesterday from the New York post office. It consisted of 159,900 pieces of mail matter. And to think that each one enclosed a copy of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1881!

THERE is but one thing that could have saved Mr. John Kelly from his unenviable political fate: it was a careful study of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1881, but it was not then published or for sale everywhere, as it is now.

THE Italian Minister of Public Instruction has turned the Baths of Titus and Caracalla, at Rome, into public walks. Judging by the Italian emigrants who came here, we did not think there were any baths in Italy.

# TELEGRAM.

To the Publishers of PUCK:

The ex-Master of the Cottesmore Hounds informs me that there is a great deal about the management of dogs in PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1881. Cable me a copy at once.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

# NOTICE.

I have this day admitted my son Alexander into partnership in my business, which will in future be carried on under the style of Alexander & Company, Emperors and General Czars of all the Russias.

ALEXANDER.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 15th.

THE following letter to Santa Claus has been forwarded to us for publication. It is written by a little boy three years of age, and shows wonderful intelligence.

Dear Santa Claus:

There is but one thing that I require to render my life full of happiness and contentment. It is PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1881. I hope to find it in my stocking on Christmas day.

Yours most affectionately,

TOMMY.

MR. EDISON has despatched a botanist to South America to find the latest thing in bamboo barks for the carbon loops of his long-delayed electric light. Mr. Edison has sent to the wrong place; if he will promise not to betray our confidence we will tell him where the right kind of bamboo is to be obtained. The North Pole is a huge bamboo, and strips cut from it will do admirably for Mr. Edison's purpose. When the "Jeannette" arrives we shall have much pleasure in submitting the samples for his inspection.

OUR esteemed contemporary, PUCK, came to us a week or so back with the following kindly allusion to the *Shroud* and its doings: "The melancholy days have come again, and with them the *Shroud*, a journal devoted to the interests of undertakers. It is a very interesting, and apparently an enterprising paper; but we are surprised that it makes no reference to the political funeral of so important a personage as Mr. John Kelly, which, we believe, is shortly to take place from Tammany Hall." Mr. Kelly's corpse is altogether too lively for us to tackle as yet.—*The Shroud*.

We are not in the undertaking business, and therefore shall not presume to dictate our E. C., the *Shroud*, on such a technical question as to the condition of Mr. John Kelly's corpse; but, as amateurs in mortuary matters, we cannot help thinking that the political remains of the Tammany Hall ex-leader are quite ripe enough to warrant their effectual casketing.

## THE MISPLACED DIAMONDS.

### A TALE OF GUILF FOR THE MERRY CHRISTMAS TIME.



#### CHAPTER I.

"Money," said the Ancient Greek Philosopher, Dionysiodorus Mnasilochus, "is Power." "So," continued the Persian Sage, Omar Hakodathes, "is Brains."

Rupert Roderigo Canary read neither Greek nor Persian; but he had got the principles of those two antiques down as fine as either of them. They were the principles upon which he laid out his life. The fairies had not showered wealth on him at his birth; but they had given him a spread of brains that would have gone round among a dozen millionaires, with enough left over to set up half the English aristocracy in business for themselves.

He was contented, too, with this allotment. In his pride of intellect, Rupert Roderigo had often been heard to say that he could not exchange his mental acuteness for all the riches that he saw around him.

His friends, however, often remarked that, from time to time, Rupert Roderigo seemed to be doing a little something in that style of exchange.

#### CHAPTER II.

It was in Tiffany's palatial emporium, three days before Christmas. Rupert Roderigo Canary had strolled in, not so much to make extensive purchases in the diamond line as on spec, in pursuance of a plan of action of which experience had taught him the value. He knew that, at that particular hour of the day at that particular season, everybody who was anybody would be likely to be found strolling up or down Broadway and Union Square, and that it was very much easier to borrow ten dollars of a man if he met you coming out of Tiffany's than if he struck you prowling about the rear entrance of a soup-kitchen. The graceful bit of fiction about having left your pocket-book at home and needing a little small change seemed more of a realistic conception.

Our hero had just completed his tour of the pal. emp., having soothed the suspicions of the floor-walkers by pricing two or three diamond pins and contemptuously remarking that he did n't want anything so simple and cheap-looking as that, when his eye lit upon a portly figure standing by the breastpin counter, looking over a case of glittering, ge-littering gems.

"Aha," he murmured, between his set teeth; "'tis he!"

It was he.

But further details must be left to another chapter.

#### CHAPTER III.

When you hear a man hiss through his set teeth—if you ever do—you may be fairly certain that he is remarking: "It is he!" and that the *he* is the Hated Rival.

The Hated Rival in this case was Mr. Phidias Peterson. Mr. Peterson had not Mr. Canary's brains; but he could lay him out cold on wealth. Sordid dross was his; heaps of it. He made it in the wholesale dry-goods business in Worth St.

They loved one woman. She was young; she was beautiful, she was stately and she was proud. If anybody knows of any other expensive virtues, we will chuck them in free. Suffice it to say that she was all that the heroine of a novel should be, and that she was beloved by Rupert Roderigo Canary and Phidias Peterson.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Her name was Arethusa Mamie Gubbing, and Mr. Phidias Peterson was evidently buying a present for her.

We will not say what feelings agitated the breast of Rupert Roderigo Canary as he saw the heartless plutocrat purchasing a lordly article in the way of gems—something far beyond his modest means.

We will not say, because they did not agitate it enough to show. A man who would go around nowadays letting his breast be agitated by any variety of emotions might have a bad time of it.

Therefore Rupert Roderigo watched with a curling lip and a sparkling eye the ostentatious carelessness with which his rival tossed about jewels worth a Prince's Ransom—we really don't know how much that is; but it sounds wealthy.

And he confined himself strictly to curl and glitter.

But look—[this swinging around of tenses is the regular thing in all first-class novels,] a cold, cruel light steals into his eyes as he listens to Mr. Peterson's conversation with the young man behind the counter.

"Nine hundred and ninety dollars, you say, do you, young fellow? Well, I guess that's about fair. Jus' gimme change for this thousand, will you?"

"Want any initials put on, sir?" inquired the obsequious clerk.

"Well—no—I dunno," replied the millionaire, ignorant of the usages of society: "what's the style, when you're a-givin' a trifle like that to a young ladifrend?"

The obsequious clerk was non-plussed. He also was ignorant of the usages of society. He was a new hand at Tiffany's. He did not know what to answer; and he did not like to appear ignorant. He looked around helplessly and idiotically. He caught Rupert Roderigo's scornful eye, and saw his patrician lip curled in scorn.

"No, sir," he said glibly: "nothing of that kind nowadays, sir. All gone out of fashion. Considered extremely vulgar, sir."

"But how's she goin' to know it come from me?" asked the perplexed millionaire: "Shall I send my card along?"

The obsequious clerk once more looked feebly at the aristocratic youth on the other side of the counter; took in the fact that he looked scornful; and at once said boldly:

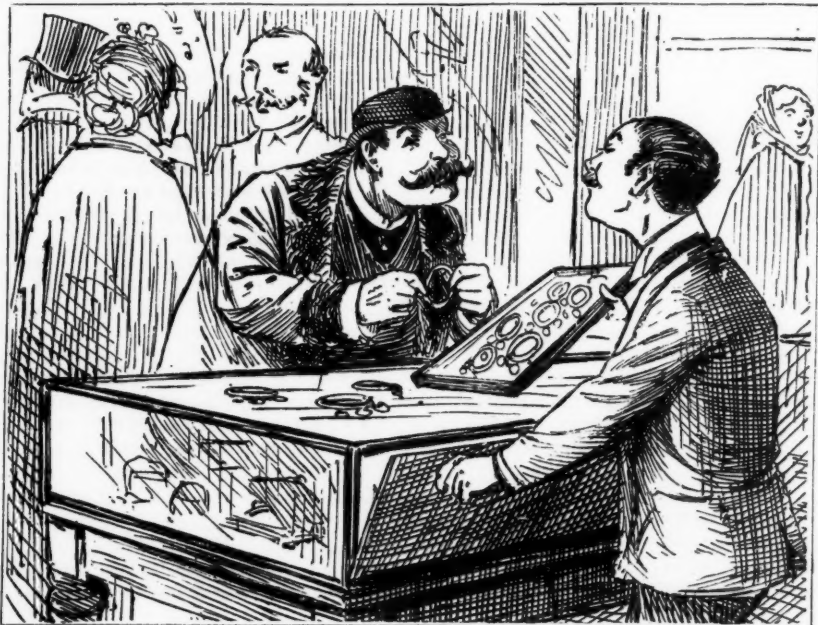
"Don't send nothing at all, sir. Looks ostentatious. Let her guess."

The millionaire looked doubtful; but yielded, with a sigh, to the laws of polite society.

"I had meant," he said: "to have my name kinder welded in in diamonds; but I don't want to do nothing ostentatious—no, I wouldn't do nothing ostentatious—no, young man."

And then he went home, to look up *ostentatious* in the dictionary.

He had not observed the baleful presence of Rupert Roderigo Canary.





## CHAPTER V.

As soon as he was gone, our hero strolled calmly to a counter in the extreme rear of the store.

The baleful light before referred to was still in his eyes. He looked *bad*—awful bad.

"I want a bangle," he said: "a cheap bangle."

"Dollar 'n' 'alf, sir?" inquired the clerk.

"One dollar!" said our hero.

The clerk scornfully cast a dollar bangle on the counter. Rupert Roderigo paid his dollar, and then, with an almost fiendish grin, whispered something to the clerk; wrote a brief inscription on a piece of paper, and, laying fifty cents more on the glass, left the store.

## CHAPTER VI.

Perhaps, smart reader, you know what was his Machiavellian scheme. Perhaps you don't. Just wait till this tale is finished. Too much previousness is highly objectionable in a reader, and is apt to spoil the novel business.

## CHAPTER VII.

The third morning after the events related in our last chapter dawned—well, we haven't the weather report at hand, and we don't know how it did dawn; but it dawned, somehow or other—it dawned, you may bet your saccharine existence on it.



In a luxurious parlor in one of the most aristocratic quarters of New York sat the lovely Arethusa Mamie Gubbing. This was a good while after the morning had done its dawning.

The lovely Arethusa Mamie was not an early riser.

Outside, the merry Christmas bells were



pealing, friends were giving each other kindly greeting, and the regular business was going on, as per Charles Dickens and the Xmas Annual gushers.

Little did the blooming Arethusa note of all this revelry; partly, perhaps, because there wasn't so much of it as the books give us; partly because her mind was fixed on other things.

She was questioning her heart, her fluttering, fe-luttering heart, which faltered in the balance.

Which should she choose? Her wealthy suitor—Peterson, the Plutocrat of Worth St., or Rupert Roderigo Canary, her ideal of manly beauty—real old impecunious manly beauty—the straight romantic novel hero?

"Let this day decide," she said: "Their gifts will be significant of their natures. I will judge them by their offerings. That will be business-like, too, and it will please Papa."

A ring was heard at the front door, and in another instant a servant entered the sumptuous apartment.

We say in another instant; but we don't believe it. That servant was probably about fifteen minutes getting to the door, and ten reaching the parlor.

The menial bore a package, the tissue paper wrapping of which Arethusa Mamie eagerly unfolded, disclosing a Russia-leather case, which opened with a touch.

Within lay a diamond bracelet; more gaudy than even the superheated imagination of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli could conceive of.

Our heroine burst into exclamation of ecstatic delight.

"This," she cried: "this takes the cake—and heart. But from whom is it?"

She turned it over in her lily hands, and examined it with feverish interest. It bore no sign of the sender. She searched among the wrappings for a card or note. She found none. From whom was it?

## CHAPTER VIII.

There was another ring at the door. Once more the menial entered. She bore a smaller package. Arethusa Mamie opened it, and drew forth—

A bangle. A little silver bangle, with dimes depending from it. A dollar bangle, ostentatiously engraved with an inscription:

"To A. M. G., with the Devoted Affection of P. P."

"The c-c-curmudgeon," she cried, her proud eyes flashing with disdain, as she tossed the bauble from her.

## CHAPTER IX.

There was one more ring at the door.

A manly form entered.

"Rupert Roderigo!" she cried: "it was you, then, who sent—"

"You are not offended with my humble offering?" he asked, modestly.

"My own Rupert Rod!" was her only answer, as he folded her in his arms.



MORAL:—This Christmas story has nothing moral about it; but this is a commercial age, and we feel bound to offer our readers a genuine literary novelty.

## JACK HORNER WITH VARIATIONS.\*

Little Jack Horner, who was a most estimable youth, the son of indigent, yet grammatical, parents who occupied a flat in Mulberry Street at the top of six flights of very rickety stairs, sat in a corner, quite near to his mama's up and down, round piano, with washboard and wringing attachments, which stood quite near to the window so that she could run the clothes out on the line, which stretched from the sill to the rear of the house "forninst" her flat, and could shout for Johnny whenever that youth remained too long in the alley in the society of those common McGolligans, eating a piece, which proves that he was not like some greedy people who always insist upon having the whole of everything, of Christmas pie which was mince, of course, made of—well, mince pie is like hash and no fellow knows precisely what any other fellow's mince pie is made of, though the general opinion is that it is made of those scraps of the canine and feline races which

cannot be utilized for sausages, mixed with some diluted vinegar and some wind-fall apples. He stuck in his thumb, which shows that even in this enlightened nineteenth century, when eating with one's knife is looked upon as a disgusting performance—unless you happen to be a professional sword swallower—there are people who indulge in practices in the way of eating, adapted to that period of the world's history generally alluded to when we say fingers were made before forks, and pulled out a plum, which proves conclusively that the pie was of the real aristocratic kind in which one raisin is placed for each quarter, and which leads one to suspect that it may have been of the kind preferred by the temperance advocates, in which the vinegar is diluted with brandy instead of water, and said, which shows that the boy was much more genteel than many children who, when they have been set down to a piece of pie without a plate or a fork, stuff

their mouths so full that they are unable to say anything, *what a brave boy am I*, which was merely a bit of egotism often indulged in by discoverer. Most people will remember how, when Columbus landed on San Salvador and, having broken the shell of the egg, stood it on its end, he turned to the Archbishop of Madrid and exclaimed: "That's the kind of a hairpin I am." This exclamation of Jack Horner was brought to the surface by the same sort of feelings which agitated the bosom of Columbus on that eventful occasion.

ARTHUR LOT.

\*Many musicians take old songs and bury them, almost past recognition, in a mass of notes; that sort of performance they call "variations." Now why should not authors adopt that plan and bury old stories in verbiage? This article is an attempt in that direction. Of course the result is not a story in English, but in that peculiar language which is called, after its great originator, Evartese.

# PUCK'S PATENT READY LETTER-WRITER.

ADAPTED TO POPULAR NEEDS.



THERE have been many styles of Ready Letter-Writers offered to the public; but the field has not yet been wholly exhausted; and Puck ventures to offer a few forms of epistolary communion adapted to hitherto un contemplated exigencies, as the ready letter-writers themselves would say. This week he presents a sound form of words which will doubtless be found of use to many excellent young men, who, placed in the painful situation suggested by the heading of this first example, have been at a loss to express themselves with sufficient delicacy to avoid giving offense. This will be followed up by other equally valuable contributions to this class of literature.

## FORM I.

### LETTER DECLINING AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE FROM A RICH, BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.

Jonesville, April 1st, 1881.

MY DEAR MISS SMITH:

Your elegant and refined epistle of the 31st ultimo, just received, has filled me with the most lively emotions of pleasure and surprise. The honor of an allegiance with you raises at once a prospect of unalloyed bliss, and, like radiant Hope, gilds the horizon with the resplendent dyes of joyous anticipation.

Alas! it is, however, a prospect by whose flattering promise I may not be allured. The tender proposal you make me I am compelled, only too regretfully, to decline.

The causes for this, perhaps, surprising proceeding on my part must, on explanation, appear as natural to you as they seem imperative to me.

You are accomplished; and while I pay to your cultivated genius the admiration that it merits, I can but acknowledge that I myself am a plain man; and that it would be unseemly were I to be eclipsed in my own domestic circle by my selected spouse.

You are beautiful; and this constitutes another and all but fatal objection to our union. Beauty, as has been remarked by the ancient sages, is but of the profundity of the epidermis; yet it is an incentive to vanity; and adds another danger to the numerous perils of the marital state.

You are rich; and it is this that decides me to offer a definitive negative to your proposition. The possession of inordinately great wealth tends to make mortals avaricious and penurious; and, with due regard to the salvation of my immortal essence, honor and discretion alike forbid me to attempt a feat to which, as we know on the indisputable authority of the Scriptures, the far-famed gymnastic act of the dromedary of the desert in passing through the ocular orifice of that common implement of housewifery called a needle, is but child's play in comparison.

Therefore it is, my dear Miss Smith, that I feel myself impelled by circumstances entirely

beyond my control and equally out of the range of yours, to oppose an unqualified rejection to the scheme which you have propounded to me; and to refuse, with a candid lack of involution, your highly-esteemed offer of marriage.

I am, dear Miss Smith, regretfully

Your humble servitor,

JOHN JONES.

## SHE PAID WHEN HE WENT.

EVERYONE has heard of the community which was so healthy that the doctors all starved to death. There is in Vermont a locality where the moral health is so thorough that lawyers famish for food. A case came to light last week which illustrated this strongly. A housewife in Rutland engaged a lad of Ethiopian tint to wait upon the door and answer the occasional summons of the bell. The salary promised for this menial service was \$3 a week. The Caffre failed to give satisfaction, and was discharged early in the morning of the second day. He claimed a full week's wages. The housewife refused, and he sued her for \$3. She lost, and, true to the instincts of a woman, appealed the case. But the law of Vermont states that a claim below \$50 is not subject to appeal. So she had to pay the amount, and costs besides.

The famished Vermont lawyer presented a bill of which the following is a literal and TRUE COPY.

To Amount sued for .....	\$3.00
Service of summons .....	1.50
Time of server .....	1.00
Trial fee .....	3.55
1 laintiff's costs .....	4.00
Defendant's costs .....	3.00
Magistrate's fee .....	5.00
Marriage license .....	2.00
State tax .....	4.00
County tax .....	2.50
Corporation tax .....	1.50
Railroad tax .....	1.00
Transcripts of appeals .....	2.50
“ of judgments .....	2.50
Clerk's fee .....	17.55
Service of subpoenas .....	12.50
Proto-Notary's fee .....	9.40
Use of court-house .....	20.00
Gas .....	1.55
Envelopes for transcript of appeals .....	7.50
Registrar's fee .....	12.00
Record of execution .....	9.25
Advertisements .....	10.00
Certificate of birth of boy .....	5.00
Blank in case of demise of boy .....	5.00
Contingent probate of defendant's will .....	19.50
Copying of appeal .....	15.00
Argument on appeal .....	10.00
Magistrate's fees for not hearing case .....	12.00
Clerk's fee for dismissal .....	17.55
Salvage .....	1.50
Transcript of evidence .....	13.40
42 additional copies .....	10.50
Collecting fee of county treasurer .....	7.00
Interest .....	5.17
Lawyer's fee .....	25.00

Judgment rendered for.....\$283.42

The Rutland woman says that hereafter she will tend door herself. At such times as she is unable to she will hire a white poor and pay him his salary two years in advance.

ERNEST HARVIER.

## WHERE YOU MISS.

You may guess if bananas are thoroughly ripe,

You may guess if they're stale by the feel,

You may guess if they're likely your gastrics to gripe,

But you're sure to slip up on the peel.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLII.

SOME EUROPEANIZED AMERICANS.



Ya-as in the course of the numerous wemarks I have made about differwent varvieties of people I have met with in this country, I have, if my memorwy serves me

wightly, said verwy little, if anything, about a certain class of Americans who, having lived in Eurwope faw a short perwioid, appe-ah to lose wespect faw their own nationality, and eithah take everwy opportunity of abusing it or pwetend to be forweignahs—I mean Englishmen. They wafely seem desirwous of being mistaken as belonging to any othah country. Aw I cahn'tsay that I blame them in this wespect; because, aftah all, everwything in Gweat Bwитай is so superwiah to everwything everwywhere else, and it is always deuced flat-terwing to find that people have a pwopah appreciation of these facts.

But still it is horwibly caddish faw fellows to pass their carwe-ahs in eternally wunning down the country to which they belong, and shows a shocking lack of patwiotism.

Jack and I are constantly meeting these individuals, and, fwom our point of view, they afford us a considerwable amount of amusement.

Although I am marwied to an Amerwican, I am fwee to confess that there is a vast numbah of things in this country that are to me particularly disagweeable.

It is but naturwul that I should note these things, and aw find fault, because aw I have a wight to do so; but when an Amerwican who has twaveled a little in Eurwope pwofesses that he is altogethah disgusted with everwything he-ah, and nevah loses an opportunity of wunning his country down, I look upon it as atwociously bad form; and, if done in my hearing, it has the effect of making me wathah like Amerwica bettah.

How wong, then, are these fellows to imagine that I think any the bettah of them on this account; and yet, I dare say, they do.

I was talking to two or thrwee of these wecently arwived Amerwicans—aw I happened to have known them befaw they went to Eurwope.

Aw how quee-ahly they talkd! They seemed to have lost entirely their facility of pwonunciation and expwession. I could aw almost fancy that I was speaking myself; it was so aw peculi-ah. But, then, at any wate, it is naturwul with me aw, and cannot possibly be with them; because I do not think that a ye-ah or two in Eurwope can make such an extwawordinarwy change in one's accent.

Then they went on to wemark that everwywhere he-ah there was such a fearful lack of wefinement, and that one could not have any society without coming in contact with a lot of people in b-b-beastly twades, and that there was no pwopah wespect faw family. And then, by Jove, if these fellows—who were pwobably descended fwom stweet-sweepahs, gwosahs or bwicklayahs—did not have the pwesumption to attempt to twace back their orwigin to some wenowned Bwitical family—as if anybody worth a bwass farthing, except, perwhaps, durwing the last few ye-ahs, evah thought of wesiding or settling in Amerwica.

These stwange cweachahs, among othah things, said that the fashion of giving Chrwistmas pwesents in England was not verwy general. Perwhaps not; but my wife has pwesented me with an awfully jolly Chrwistmas-box, and I begin to think that I wathah like the fashion aw.

# PUCK'S ANNUAL



## A HEALTHY HEALTH.



WHEN Noah rested from his toil  
Beneath a vine his hand had planted,  
For some delicious cooling draught  
To guard his thirst the patriarch panted.

The ancient water from the ark  
Had somewhat of a bilgey savor,  
While that which drowned the world retained  
A smack of sinners in its flavor.

The purple clusters, full and ripe,  
Mid leaves and verdant spray entwining,  
Gleamed in the sunshine o'er his head,  
Like amethyst 'mongst emeralds shining.

With a rude touch he plucked the fruit;  
With eager haste his goblet claspings,  
He caught the purple tide that welled  
From the crushed grapes his hand was grasping.

He sipped—all Nature seemed to smile!  
He drank, forgetting care and trouble;  
He drained the cup, and in the sky  
He saw the brow of promise double.

"This be my beverage," quoth the saint,  
"And deeper will we drink to-morrow.  
Water's the thing for drowning sin,  
But here's the cup for drowning sorrow."

I give you, then, the patriarch's health,  
Of all good drinkers the beginner;  
Fill up your glasses to the brim,  
This liquor's not a taste of sinner.

L.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Now that the sweetly-tinkling little French music-box has run through its little round of tunes, at BOOTH'S THEATRE, it is a fine tonic to one's enervated intellectual system to go there and hear the music of a grand cathedral organ. This metaphor may be trite, but it most aptly represents the difference between Sarah Bernhardt and Salvini. Salvini, we believe, was invented for the express purpose of giving this generation a chance to get one in on the last. Our grandfathers make life very unpleasant for us with reminiscences of Edmund Kean. Here we have an opportunity to take those objectionable grandfathers to see a man who is Edmund Kean's superior. If Kean, in the days of conventionalism and cheap conservative tradition, had been as good as Salvini, he would have had a whole literature devoted to sounding his praises. This man is a genius and an artist, and one whose measure is not to be taken in a hurry. He is not at all the kind of man to gush over; in fact, he is far too much of a dose for the chronic gushers, who turn to small criticism. They tell you that his *Othello* is not Shakspeare's. They are right; but it is a conception that is worthy to stand side by side with Shakspeare's own, and that is the highest praise any actor ever received or deserved. Salvini is supported by a much better company than Mr. Edwin Booth ever dared to play with. He dwarfs every member of it; but that is none of their fault. In last week's performance of "*Othello*," Mr. Shewell's *Iago* is a sound, correct, manly impersonation, and Mr. H. Crisp makes a young, handsome, pleasing *Cassio*. Miss Ellie Wilton is sweet and delicate as *Desdemona*, and Miss Marie Prescott is not only a very handsome *Emilia*, but flashes out in the last act with a fine force and fire.

At HAVERLEY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE admirers of Miss Mary Anderson have now the opportunity of gratifying their admiration in a practical manner by crowding the house to see her in her specialties. Mamie has improved in looks. She is fuller and more rounded in figure, and less suggestive of a western Sadie Bernhardt, in an osteological sense—but Miss Mamie continues to act parts rather than to play them; though, having now become a full-blown dollar-accumulating star, she need not worry herself about the remarks of critics. Mr. Milnes Levick made a capital barbarian of himself as *Ingomar*, and was more than an adequate foil to Miss Mamie's *Parthenia*. "*Love, or the Countess and the Serf*" was played on Monday. To-morrow night "*The Hunchback*" will give the beautiful young woman an opportunity of letting us see the wonderful improvement she has made as *Julia*.

Miss Nellie Holbrook, the bright Californian actress, has brought her successful engagement at the WINDSOR THEATRE to a close. We never fancy female Hamlets, but Miss Holbrook's cranky Dane is far, very far, above the average woman who attempts what is practically impossible. She was well-supported by Mr. Julian Magnus, who appeared as *Horatio*. The *Sir Francis Levison* of this gentleman, to the *Lady Isabel* of Miss Holbrook, was an exceedingly clever piece of polished Mephistophelian acting.

"Hiawatha"—Rice's Surprise Party—HAVERLEY'S FOURTEENTH STREET—under the able management of Mr. Mann. This is a veritable trinity of attractions in the line of spectacular burlesque. "Hiawatha" is fortunate in the possession of a beginning, a middle, and an end, combined with consistent and tuneful music—which is much more than can be said of some of the pieces that have recently been performed under the name of burlesques. The Fairy Spectacular Extravaganza of "*The Babes in the Wood*" is announced for production, and all the small boys of our acquaintance are impatient for it.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett is with us once more; and it's at the PARK THEATRE that he is—bless him. He re-introduces himself in a piece entitled "*Yorick's Love*," an adaptation from the Spanish of Estebanez by Mr. W. D. Howells—which will be somewhat a change from Shakspeare, the works of which author we shall doubtless be presented with later, through the medium of Mr. Barrett's intelligence, experience, and scholarship.

THE BIJOU OPERA HOUSE is about giving us something new, although "*Lawn Tennis*" and "*D'Jakh and D'Jill*" are by no means sucked dry. H. B. Farnie's only original London version of "*Olivette*," a comic opera in three acts, by Audran, is to be presented for the first time on Christmas Eve. It is described as a great London success, and it remains to be seen if New York endorses the Cockney's usually critical judgement.

"The Guv nor," at WALLACK'S, is withdrawn for a time, to make way for Mr. Herman Merivale's "*Forget-Me-Not*," which was performed last Saturday night, with Miss Rose Coghlan in the cast. We would notice it now, but our time is too much occupied in buying Christmas presents.

John McCullough is having his merry Christmas week at HAVERLEY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, where he is showing the inhabitants of the wicked city how to reform by acting tragic plays wherein vice generally comes off second best and virtue is not always triumphant.

"Hazel Kirke," at the MADISON SQUARE double-decker, is now in its eleventh month. When it has got through the round century we may perhaps venture to give some supplementary criticisms on the acting, the play, and the theatre.

Miss Jennie Hughes, with the Jarrett "*Cinderella*" Company, has been delighting the Clevelanders with her performance of *Thisbe*, one of the haughty sisters. The Clevelanders have but endorsed the opinion of New Yorkers.

"My Geraldine" is Mr. Bartley Campbell's latest, and it was launched on an expectant world at the STANDARD last night. It is Irish and emotional, and may or may not prove a second "*Schaugraun*."

The Christmas number of the *Spirit of the Times* must be seen to be believed in. Its title page is pictorial, and is quite too lovely and appropriate for anything. It ought to be—although we say it, who shouldn't—inasmuch as it is designed by one of our artists. Excuse our blushes. There is a host of good reading in it, too, comprising stories by Stephen Fiske, W. J. Florence, Wilkie Collins, Nym Crinkle and other well-known writers.

Our excellent contemporary, the Canadian *Grip*, has published an Almanac for 1881. It is profusely and happily illustrated by distinguished artists, and its contents are funny. The book will form a companion to PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1881, which is just out, price 25 cents.

## PERSONAL.

R. J. B., Burlington *Hawkeye*.—All is forgiven. Come back to your sorrowing friends. Mother will be pleased. But why did you do it?

PUCK.

## Answers for the Anxious.

The pressure on our columns keeps a number of "Answers for the Anxious" standing over a week from week to week. Correspondents who are not promptly vitriolized will please possess their souls in patience, and wait their turn.

HASELTINE.—She didn't wait for you to give her PUCK'S ANNUAL.

B. O. B., Syracuse.—You are too preliminary by a week. What you need is a prolonged sojourn in the salt works in the neighborhood of your place of residence.

CALIBAN.—Stay of proceedings granted. Vitriol bottle corked. Only temporarily, however. Present your full case, and we will see about dispensing the sulphuric acid in accordance with our high ideal of justice.

S. E. M.—Right you are! But what do you suppose Othello cared if a raw third lieutenant caviled at the plans of his general's campaign? Probably some such idiot did exist; but who knows of it now! His chatter never hurt Othello. We would cheerfully lay out the small person you refer to if it were worth while.

PLAINDEALER.—You "hope we will publish it," do you, though? We don't doubt it. You would give your eye-teeth, sweet child of nature, to be noticed; but, unfortunately for your mad ambition, we require the name and address of all correspondents, not necessarily for publication; but as a guarantee of good faith. If you have a name, and want to get a little free advertising, send it along. Perhaps we shall be able to satisfy you.

F. A. H.—If you can do nothing better in the way of drawing from life than the pencil sketch you have sent us, it will be some time before you can draw well enough to suit PUCK. If you can etch an original composition such as the one you inclose, you will lay out Mr. Seymour Haden some day. But, somehow, we don't wish to throw any doubts on the genuineness of your work; but we feel pretty easy for Mr. Seymour Haden's reputation, just at present.

J. H.—That poem of yours must be printed, at any cost. This, however, is the only space we can find for it:

There are many Jesubells of the present day who are a sore affliction upon society.

Her face, black as her bracelets,  
With large eyes of leaden hue,  
Her form with sturdy fitness  
And nose flat as ever grew.  
Her lips the kind for kisses,  
Thick as your foot, but cherry red,  
Her teeth with ivory whiteness,  
And a large black Kinkey head.  
Her walk was the grecian bend  
With dress, tight, behind, below,  
And a large convex hump,  
Enclosed like the letter O.  
Her mouth spread for merriment,  
With it her loving darts she hurled,  
And with her fowl deceptions  
Would freely, seduce the world.

BY JAMES HITE.

Gentlemen, I send you the above article written by myself thinking you could put it into shape to suit you, I am a plain man with ideas and write many pieces that have not been published, I have a long and good article on "*Bonnets of the 14th Century*," If desired I will contribute what I can to your Very amusing paper when you put in any thing of Mine 'Ill send you the amt in stamps, The old firm of Mess Migat & Conklin sold me goods & they new me well & many others I am responsible.

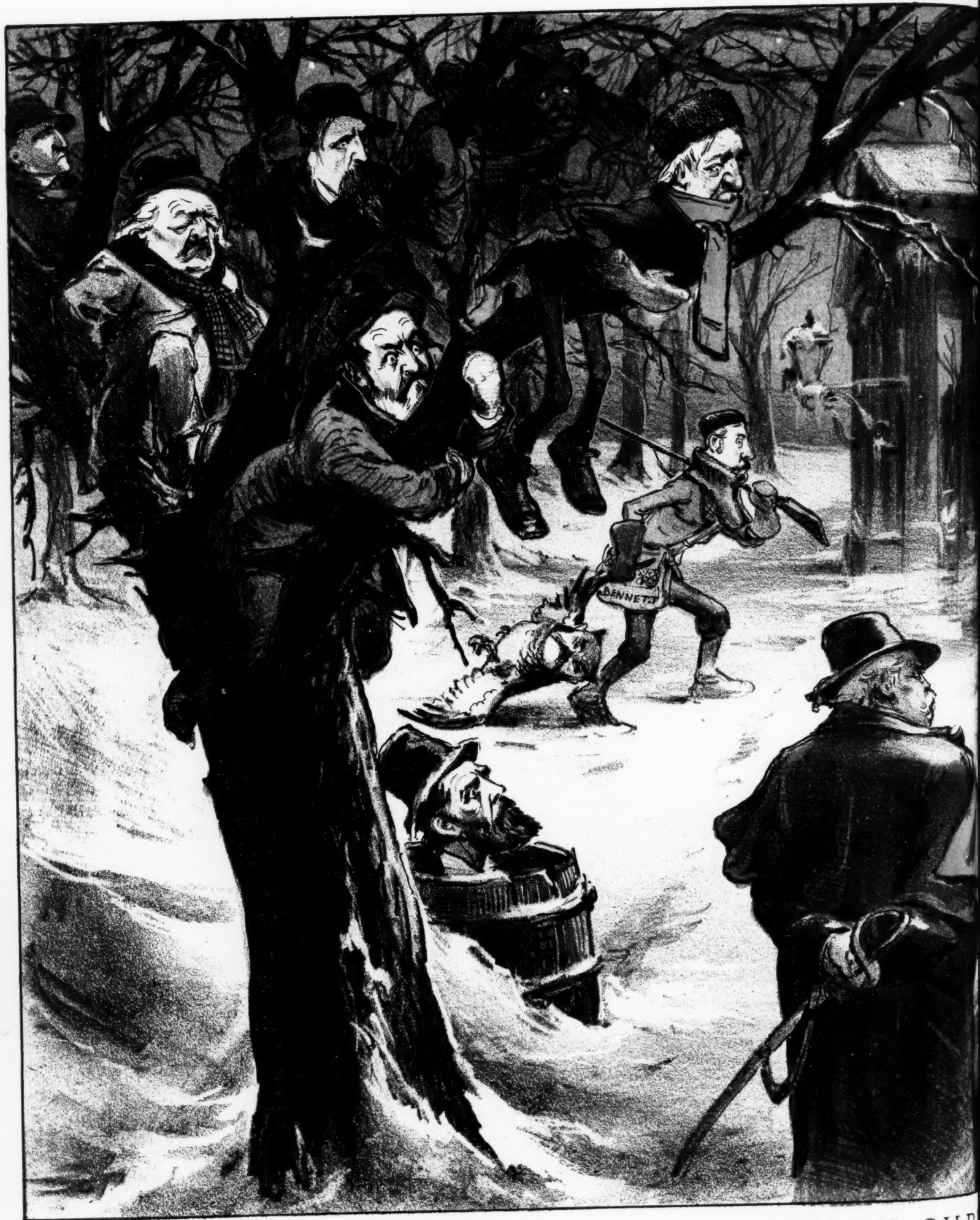
JAS. HITE.

Of course I ment to say send me the No. containing anything I wrote.

JAMES, HITE.

Bardstown, N. C  
Kentucky.

Mr. Hite, you need not send us any stamps. We will gladly send you a copy of the paper and make no charge for it. All we want is to make the world happier and better; and the pleasure that will be widely diffused by the publication of your lines is quite enough to repay us for putting them in type. We should have given them to the world on their own merits, anyway; you need not have troubled yourself to get the indorsement of Messrs. Mygatt & Conkling, who are, no doubt, a very respectable firm; but not known in the poetry line. A certificate from Mr. V. Hugo Dusenbury, P. P., would be much more to the purpose.



A MERRY CHR





CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

A 19<sup>th</sup> CENTURY BOOM.CHAPTER II.  
YAMSTERDOK.

WE sailed on, approaching the land nearer and nearer. After some little time we went through a narrow passage-way, and entered a broad and beautiful bay. Before us lay a vast city, apparently teeming with life and industry. The river, which emptied into the bay, was thronged with steamboats and small craft; huge ships were fastened to the docks; smoke-clouds, which evidently came from factory chimneys, rose from every part of the city; church spires stretched heavenward: great warehouses lined the water's banks; everything in fact betokened life and activity. We anchored in the bay.

"What city is this?" I asked the pilot.

"Yamsterdork," he responded.

Then the pilot left us and the Captain ordered out one of the boats, and he and I made a trip to the great city. We landed at a dock, which was in a terribly dilapidated condition, and which made us think that the inhabitants, after all, could not be a great commercial people.

Hardly had we placed our feet on the dock when a short, stout, round-faced, pleasant-looking man approached us. His clean-shaven face was wreathed in smiles, and his little eyes twinkled merrily.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, addressing me, "but are you a distinguished stranger?"

I laughed at the remark, and he joined me in my laughter, but waited patiently for my answer.

"Well," said I, "I certainly am a stranger, but I don't know that I am at all distinguished."

"If not an intrusion," said he, "may I ask whence you came?"

"From Boston," I answered.

"From Boston!" exclaimed he, seizing my hand and shaking it cordially; "you are a distinguished stranger."

I looked my astonishment.

"Everybody," explained he, "who comes from Boston is a distinguished stranger."

"That's consoling," said I.

"Allow me to introduce myself," added he. "I am Jonathan Democritus, a member of the Tote-us Club, so called because all strangers expect us to tote them around. Whenever a distinguished stranger arrives, one of our members takes him in hand and shows him around, and the club gives him a reception. I have been deputized to receive you, and I place myself at your service."

"That is very kind," said I.

"And now," said he, "let me show you to an hotel."

"Look here," interrupted the Captain, "I'm going to prow around the docks a little. You go with your new friend and meet me here at four o'clock."

I took the Captain's advice. My new friend offered to get a carriage, but I declined, telling him that I desired to see the city and that I would walk.

Now, as I fear that there may still be some doubters left in the world, I would like to say that up to this point in my narrative my statements can be corroborated. All the details of the facts hereinbefore set down can be found in the log of the good ship "Mary Ann," David

Black, master—if you can find the good ship "Mary Ann."

Democritus and I soon entered a very broad street, lined on both sides with massive warehouses. There was a smart breeze blowing, and great clouds of dust were swept from the street in every direction, filling everybody's eyes and nose and mouth.

"Phew!" exclaimed I, "this dust is horrible."

"That proves that you are not a native," said Democritus, laughing. "If you belonged here you would be used to it."

"But I should think," said I, "that in a great city like this you would have some officials whose business it would be to clean the streets."

"Oh, we have."

"Then, why don't they do it?"

"It is popularly supposed," answered Democritus, "that they don't have time."

"Don't have time!" exclaimed I.

"Exactly," responded he. "You see, they spent the greater part of last winter in solving difficult conundrums. For example, they are allowed to spend money to clear away dirt: now we had a very heavy fall of snow last

I looked up and laughed, but the face of my new acquaintance was as solemn as an owl's.

We walked slowly along the street, and I was quite interested in watching the stores and people. Occasionally distinguished people would pass, and Democritus would call my attention to them. It was fortunate for me that he was with me, otherwise I should never have known that the people whom he pointed out to me differed in any wise from their fellows. Unfortunately men are like horses—you can't judge them by their looks.

I did not talk much, for every time I opened my mouth the dust from the street was blown into it, and a large part of my time and temper was used up in wiping the dirt from my eyes. I suggested to Democritus that I thought they had better change their plan of selecting officials.

"Oh," said he, laughing, "we're going to do that. Some of our 'literary fellows' have invented an entirely new plan."

"What is it called?"

"Civil service reform," responded he solemnly, as if the mere thought of the plan weighed on his mind.

"Ah!" said I, "that's new to me."

"Of course it is. It's warranted brand-new, and warranted to stand all kinds of wear and tear."

"Could you explain it?" asked I.

"Hardly," responded he. "In fact, it is generally believed that the men who invented it cannot explain it so that a wayfaring man can understand it. They say it's an experiment. However, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll stay over to night, I'll take you around to the Tote-us, and, as we receive a distinguished Senator to-night, probably he'll explain it."

"But my vessel is to sail at four."

"Well, why not stay a month or two with us? We are in the midst of an exciting election, and you can see our customs and manners. After being with us a month you will thoroughly understand us—at least thoroughly enough to write a book about us. That's the way our literary men do. There's profit and pleasure for you."

It was a tempting offer. I was thoroughly sick of the sea. I hadn't the slightest desire to finish my voyage. Aside from the dust, Yamsterdork seemed to be a very pleasant place. Why couldn't I regain my health there?

"But the vessel?"

"Oh, we'll send word to the Captain."

"And how am I to get away?" I asked.

"Tell the Captain to stop for you on his return voyage."

"I'll do it," I said quickly.

"All right," said he; "come around to the Tote-us. We'll write your letter to the Captain, order our dinner, and while we are eating it I'll explain all about this country, that is as far as I understand it myself. After that we'll hear what the Senator has to say."

We walked a few blocks further and then entered a rather imposing looking club-house. I stopped for a moment to admire the pictures, but Democritus soon led the way to the library. I wrote my letter to the Captain and sent it off by a messenger. Then we adjointed to the dining-room, and Democritus ordered dinner.

The dinner was fine—there's no denying that. If I had been in my native Boston, I

## "PEACE AND GOOD WILL."



BOARDING-HOUSE LANDLADY:—"THIS BEING CHRISTMAS, MR. FREEZEOUT, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU AN EXTRA BLANKET FOR YOUR BED!"

winter, and the Commissioners were equally divided in opinion as to whether or not snow was dirt. Before they had decided that, the snow changed to slush, and then the question: 'Is slush dirt?' stared them in the face. They buckled down to the work, and applied their giant intellects to that question; but, unfortunately, before they could settle it heavy rains set in and washed away the slush. Now they are busily engaged in determining whether dust is or is not dirt."

"Why, any fool could answer that," I said.

"Exactly; but could men of giant intellect answer it?" said he. "As soon as the question is determined, they will get a little time to devote to street-cleaning, unless the winds of heaven should sweep away the dust and leave some unsolvable conundrum for their giant intellects to attack."

"You must have a poor method of selecting your public servants," I said.

"On the other hand," responded he, "we select them on a scientific principle."

"Ah," asked I, "would it be improper to ask what the principle is?"

"The survival of the unfittest," responded he.



could not have had better fish or meat, and the wine was simply magnificent. We idled away over the dinner, having a table in a corner by ourselves, and there being very few people in the room. I was very much amused by the way in which my friend Democritus put things. He had an odd way of leaving you in doubt as to whether his remark was intended to be sarcastic or not. He seemed to be laughing internally at the matters which he described, as if they were things in which he had no personal interest.

"I noticed," said I, after we had taken the edge off of our appetites, "a number of banners as we came along the street with men's names on them. What do they mean? They said something about nominations."

"Oh," said he, "that's simple enough. There are a large number of offices in this land, and for every office there are two public-spirited citizens running—they are volunteers, you understand. We call them candidates because, though when they start their characters may be white as snow, they are generally black as ink before they get through. However, as you are an absolute stranger here, perhaps while we smoke our cigars I had better explain the matter."

"Do," said I, "but begin at the beginning. Let me know who and what the people and country are."

"Here goes then," said he.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE REPUBLIC OF ANICELAND.

"You must know," said Democritus, "that our country is called Aniceland, the great republic of Atlantis. We are the greatest people on the globe."

He looked at me as if he expected me to combat that statement; but, as I did not know that it was not true, and as some people must necessarily be the greatest, I simply nodded assent.

"That is," he added with a smile, "we so call ourselves."

"We'll assume that statement to be true," I said.

"Our country," said he, "stretches right across the island from shore to shore. It is composed of a large number of States, all having governments of their own, and all subject to one general government. The seat of the general government is at Ironington."

"I thought," suggested I, "that Yamsterdam was the capital."

"By no means," answered he, "it is simply the chief city. To distinguish ourselves from all other nations, we put our capital in an out-of-the-way swamp, instead of selecting our chief city as the seat of government. Until a few years ago our States were divided into free and slave States."

"Slave States!" ejaculated I.

"So I said," answered Democritus calmly.

"But," asked I eagerly, "did you not inform me that Aniceland was a republic?"

"To be sure," answered he.

"Well, everywhere else a republic is supposed to be a land of freedom."

"Of course," responded Democritus, "and

we do not differ from the rest of them. The very corner stone of our government is the proposition that all men are born free and equal. We always were the freest people in the world—on paper. To be sure it took us nearly a hundred years to find out that four millions of human beings who happened to have black skins were men, but no matter, we found that out finally."

"Then there are no slaves now?" I asked.

"None," answered he. "That is to say, none on paper."

"How, then, are the States divided now?"

"Well," said he, "into Northern and Southern, sometimes called the divided North and the solid South."

I nodded my head for him to continue.

"Of course you will understand," added he, "that in such a vast country there are a large number of offices. Well, we have invented a plan by which as many of our citizens shall be enabled to have a chance at those offices as possible. We give every officer a short term, so that, after he has enjoyed the position for a limited period, some other free and enlight-

electors, the other four hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine people in that State do not have a word to say as to who shall be President. Besides, it may easily happen that a President may be elected, although a majority of the whole people of the republic voted for the opposition candidate. Furthermore, the electors are nominated by a convention and not by the people. Now, if you can tell who elect the President, you'll earn the eternal gratitude of every Aniceland."

"I give it up," I said. "I never was good at conundrums."

"Well," said he, "I have told you the main points. Every four years somebody elects our President. The people make as great a hullabaloo as if they did it, and, mind you, I don't say that they don't. You have arrived here in the midst of a very heated election, and you can observe the methods of the campaign."

"Well," said I, "one thing more. Explain the candidate business."

"Oh, that is simple enough," answered he.

"Our people are divided into two great parties, the Democrats and the Repucrats. Each party nominates its candidates."

"Have these parties any special principles which distinguish them from each other?"

"They formerly had; each had what they called a platform (so called, I believe, because it was so easy to smash) of principles," he answered. "In the present campaign, however, they both claim the same principles."

"Can you tell me what they are?" I asked.

"Well, generally reform," answered he, "and specially civil service reform."

"Ah, reform!" said I.

"One can understand that. A new broom sweeps clean, I presume."

Democritus nodded his head.

"But this civil service reform," I asked, "what is that?"

"There you ask me

too much," said Democritus. "As near as I can make out, however, it means that if the party now in power wins, those who are in office will remain there; while if the opposite party wins, those who are now in will be turned out, and partisans of the winning side will be put in."

"Ah," said I, "that's reform with a vengeance."

"Mind you," said he, "I don't say that is it, but that is the way it looks to me. However, you will have a chance at the reception to-night of hearing one of its apostles speak on the subject."

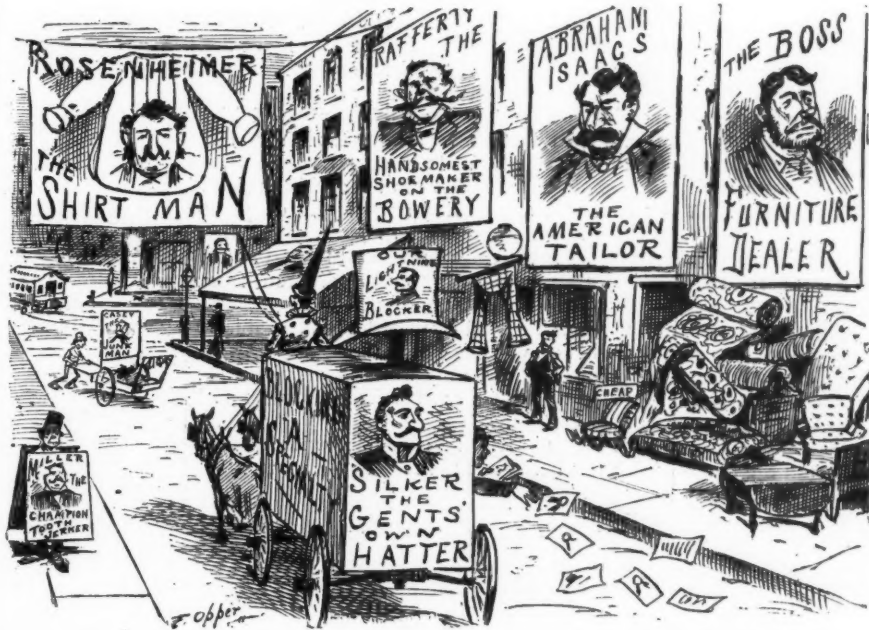
Having finished our cigars, Democritus took me out for a short stroll around the city. Everywhere I found banners and placards announcing that men had been nominated for this, that, and the other office.

"Do you elect all your officers?" I asked.

"No," he answered, "not quite all, but we manage to elect a sufficient number to keep us busily employed in finding out who and what they are."

I soon agreed with him, for I could see that

### BOWERY BUSINESS BEAUTIES.



THE PORTRAIT STYLE OF ADVERTISING AS ADOPTED BY OUR EAST SIDE MERCHANTS.

ened citizen may enjoy it. Our highest official, the President, holds office for four years."

"Four years!" ejaculated I. "Why, that's ridiculous. In most countries the people desire long terms for their chief officer, as it insures stability."

"Nevertheless," said Democritus, "we elect ours every four years."

"Who elect him?" asked I.

"That's what we have been trying to find out," answered he, "ever since we came into existence."

"Surely you are joking."

"By no means," said he solemnly. "Popularly it is supposed that the people elect him. Let me explain the matter, and then you can form your own opinion. The people of each State vote for a number of men who are called electors. Each State is entitled to as many electors as it has representatives in our Congress and senators in our Senate. Those electors vote for some man as President. Each party nominates a set of electors. Now it happens that if a State has a million inhabitants,

and half a million and one vote for one set of

## CHRISTMAS—PAST AND PRESENT



THIS IS THE WAY THEY USED TO DO IT IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES——



AND THERE ARE PEOPLE NARROW-MINDED ENOUGH TO WISH THAT THE GOOD OLD TIMES WERE BACK AGAIN.

the placards announced candidates for almost every conceivable office.

We returned to the Tote-us Club in time for the reception, as I was anxious to hear what the distinguished speaker had to say in favor of the new doctrine known as civil service reform. He was a tall, thin man, with a full beard, a sparkling eye, and a very intelligent countenance. Of course I do not propose to detail his speech just as he spoke it; that would be an impossibility to any one except a shorthand writer. However, I can give you such parts of it as remain in my mind, and such impressions as I received from it.

He started off with a very sad exhibit. He said the business of the country was carried on by thousands of office-holders, mostly incompetent; that men were appointed to important positions, not by reason of their ability to perform the duties of their offices, but by reason of their power to influence votes, or primaries, or Congressmen. In other words, favoritism was the safeguard of incompetency. "So long," he added, "as the business of the country is carried on in a manner different from that which men apply to their own private affairs, so long will the business of the country be badly and expensively done."

I do not in the least profess to give you even a summary of his speech. It was crowded with figures and facts. He showed how Congressmen actually drove the President to appoint to offices the persons whom such Congressmen supported, showed how little attention was paid to the qualifications of the applicant, showed how the lowest kind of political work was that for which political office was the pay, showed, in short, a state of facts, which must have made the heart of every lover of his country there present sore.

"What, gentlemen," he asked in conclusion, "is the remedy for all this political misery? Look around you. Can you see more than one remedy? I am sure that you cannot. There is but one; it is civil service reform. It is a reform which must permeate every branch of the public service, must put in office men who are worthy of the positions they are called upon to fill, and which must above all, gentlemen, keep trustworthy, honest, capable men in office. You say the remedy is a severe one. So says the surgeon when he cuts off the limb in which mortification is slowly making its way, but he cuts nevertheless. We are fast becoming a nation of office-seekers, and rest assured, gentlemen, that when we have reached that condition where the highest offices in the gift of the people no longer seek men, but are sought after in a spirit other than that of the noblest ambition, the

country is doomed. If you look around you, watch the men who are slowly drifting to the front, scan the men who are filling positions high and low, you will conclude, as I have, that there must be a vital change in our manner of political preferment, that our future holds out for us only civil service reform or destruction."

The distinguished speaker sat down, and the members of the Tote-us Club applauded him roundly; in fact I must admit that I joined in the applause myself. It is ever thus after an eloquent speech. Believe in the speaker's views or not, you are carried away by his eloquent tones. For the moment, at least, you are a convert. I turned around and looked at my friend Democritus. Surely he differed from other men. He sat there smiling, apparently totally uninfluenced by what had been said.

"What do you think of the speech?" I asked.

"Words, words, only words!" answered he.

"Don't you believe in civil service reform?" I asked eagerly.

"Believe in it!" he exclaimed with a laugh.

"Do you believe in the man in the moon?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Well, because I can't see him."

"That's exactly the reason why I don't believe in civil service reform," said he.

Familiarity, they say, breeds contempt; well, egotism breeds disgust. I do not wish to go on lying myself through this little narrative, and so, having given you the location and a general idea of the subject, I propose to let the story tell itself. How I became acquainted with the facts to be hereafter set down is a matter of little moment. I assure you, however, that they are just as true as the matters hereinbefore set forth. Can I say more than that?

[To be continued.]

## ENTERPRISING.



"POP, I WANT TO BORROW ONE OF YOUR STOCKINGS TO HANG UP TO-NIGHT!"

PUCK says Charley Backus is the only man who could kiss Sarah Bernhardt at once. We'll back Talmage.—*Boston Globe*. This isn't a question of "Swallowing" the Bernhardt.—*New Haven Register*.

MR. CHARLES BACKUS is the only man in America who can kiss Sarah Bernhardt at once.—PUCK. Is that a puzzle? and is the answer to it, because other people are too far from Sarah to kiss her at once?—*Oil City Derrick*.

WE had a delightful reminder of long vanished youth yesterday afternoon. It was a little boy cautiously approaching a sparrow. There was a look of intense anxiety on his face. He had some salt to lay on the bird's tail. With a delicacy of sentiment that did him infinite credit, he carried the salt in an almost new silver spoon. The bird happening to turn around, and seeing the boy, but not observing the spoon, got over the fence at once, and in a minute was out of sight.—*Danbury News*.

THE *Boston Post* offers the freedom of the city to Sarah, and adds: "Nous devions have done it yesterday, mais pardong, Mademoiselle, parce que ces't aujourd'hui seulement que le *Post* has learned le langue Francais. Mais ca fay rien. Vous eight tres welcome just the same. Allez, donc, ou vous voulez et acceptez l'assurance de notre consideration distinguee." To this Sarah has replied in the sweetest possible style: "Thanks, sare, I myself reproache ver mooch. I not ze Anglase slang understand pas, mais you are one younk man ver charming."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

A WEST END plumber is in despair. He has had a boy under his tuition for six months, and yet the lad, on being called upon to go and fix a leak in a pipe, took his soldering iron and finished the job in twenty minutes, instead of first going down to examine the leak, then going back to the shop after his tools, taking them to the house, returning to the shop for a piece of pipe, going off with a man who was waiting for him to see another job, then getting dinner while the folks in the house were kept in a state of confusion, and finally going down and fixing the leak, so it would break out the next day. He says the boy will never, never learn the business.—*Boston Post*.

FINE SILK HATS, \$3.20; worth \$5; DERBIES, \$1.90; worth \$3.00. 15 New Church St., up stairs.

The Crown Tooth Brushes are stamped on handle—"The Crown Brush, London Made. Warranted Perfect."

The FRIEDRICHSHALL Bitterwater is the safest, surest remedy against Constipation and Headache.



# WEBER,

MANUFACTURER OF  
GRAND, SQUARE and UPRIGHT  
PIANOS.

Prices reasonable. Terms easy.  
WAREHOUSES:  
5th Ave. and West 16th St., New York.

## THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME

The latest improvement in Sewing Machines, combining extreme simplicity with great strength and durability.  
Noted for fine workmanship and excellence of production.  
Does not fatigue the operator  
Send for a set of our new CHROMO CARDS.

JOHNSON, CLARK & CO.,  
30 Union Square, New York; or Orange, Mass.

**KALDENBERG'S**  
Factory for Meerschaum Goods.  
AMBER JEWELRY AND CHAINS.  
IVORY GOODS OF ALL KINDS.  
Toilet Sets, Hair Brushes, Combs, &c. Fine Pearl Shells, painted.  
Tortoise Shell Goods of every description.  
AT THE STORES:  
125 Fulton St., near Nassau St. 6 Astor House, next to Entrance. Cor. John & Nassau Sts.

*Greenfield's*

909 BROADWAY, near 20th St.  
Delicious Fresh

## CANDIES

sent to any part of the country on receipt of money. One Dollar per pound. Express prepaid.

Established 1838.  
**PACHTMANN & MOELICH,**  
Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in  
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,  
Solid Silver & Plated Wares,  
383 CANAL STREET,  
Bet. S. 5th Ave. & Wooster St., New York.  
Bargains in every department.  
American Watches, \$7. Stem Winders, \$12.  
Solid 14 k. Gold American Stem Winder, \$50.  
Diamond Studs, \$10 and upwards. Wedding  
Rings, \$2 and upwards. The largest assortment  
of Jewelry at lowest prices. Repairing of every  
description neatly executed. Goods sent C. O. D.  
to any part of the U. S. Send for Price List.

**ELGIN WATCHES.**  
All styles, Gold, Silver and Nickel, \$6.00 to \$150.00  
Chains, etc. sent C. O. D. to be examined. Write for  
catalogue to Standard American Watch Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**INDIAN CLUBS.**  
75 CTS. PER PAIR. 75 CTS. PER PAIR.  
**DIEBOLD'S**  
45 Ann Street. 45 Ann Street.

Our new Stylographic Pen (just patented), having the  
duplex interchangeable point section, is the very latest  
improvement. THE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN CO., Room  
13, 109 Broadway, New York. Send for circular.

**BARNEY & BERRY**  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.  
CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free.  
Ad'ress STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine.

**GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS,**  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Send stamp for Catalogue.  
Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, sent c. o. d. for examination

**DO YOUR OWN PRINTING**  
Presses and outfits from \$3 to \$500  
Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and  
reduced price list free.  
**H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.**

*Kimney Bros. Celebrated Cigarettes.*

A PETRIFIED ape has been discovered, and the New York press fears that the Central Park Commissioners will get hold of it and set it up as a statue of some one of our leading poets or statesmen.—*Norristown Herald.*

CLOTHING made of glass is the latest novelty. We sincerely hope it won't be introduced while the gutters are frozen. The woman who sits down heavily on the ice might fracture all her clothing and have to borrow a blanket to go home in.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

THESE cold mornings are favorable for abbreviated salutations. The latest is:

"Good morn'."

"Morn'. Horn this morn'?"

"No horn."

"Good morn'."—*New Haven Register.*

Book critics are all linguists. One easily discovers this fact by reading their criticisms on books translated from foreign languages. They usually wind up by congratulating the translator on having preserved the charm of the original in all its freshness and beauty.—*Boston Times.*

TEARS contain "a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and water." But this is not all they contain. Pretty often, when dropping from the eyes of a woman, they contain an argument that induces a man to hand over the price of a new winter bonnet.—*Binghamton Republican.*

A SCIENTIFIC journal explains, in a long article, "How thunder storms come up." We haven't read the article, but we know how they come up. They wait until the Sunday school picnic reaches the grove, and gets fairly to business at Copenhagen, swinging, flirtation, croquet and other innocent games, and then they come up like thunder and lightning. It takes the average thunder storm not more than ten minutes to come up in the neighborhood of a picnic.—*Norristown Herald, entirely out of season.*

### Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.—*Advance.*

By always purchasing none but the very best material, W. T. Blackwell & Co. have succeeded in building up the largest Smoking Tobacco Trade in the world, as their returns to the U. S. Government show, exceeding the combined products of any ten of the largest Smoking Tobacco Factories in existence. If you desire Tobacco, delicious in flavor, superior in quality, and excelling in strength, buy only BLACKWELL'S FRAGRANT DURHAM BULL SMOKING TOBACCO. None genuine without the Bull on each package.

CHEW! GOLD COIN TOBACCO. CHEW!

## EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, half and pound, labelled  
**JAMES EPPS & CO.,**  
Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

## PUCK'S ANNUAL

## ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.



## THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

## FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,  
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,  
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and  
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,  
General Bodily Pains,  
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet  
and Ears, and all other Pains  
and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as  
a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy.  
A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay  
of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain  
can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.  
Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN  
MEDICINE.

**A. VOGELER & CO.,**  
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

## HAMANN & KOCH.

AMERICAN AND SWISS

## WATCHES.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF FRENCH CLOCKS.

ALL KINDS OF FINE JEWELRY AND

## DIAMONDS.

No. 5 Maiden Lane.

*J. Krutina*

INVITES THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC TO HIS  
WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF

## Furniture

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE.

Salesrooms:  
**842 BROADWAY**

AND  
96 and 98 East Houston Street,  
NEW YORK.

*Capital  
Capital  
Sweet  
Capital  
St. James  
St. James  
Ambassador  
Malmoe  
Horn  
Veteran*

# STEINWAY

The Standard Piano of the World!  
THE  
LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT IN EXISTENCE.  
WAREHOUSES:  
**STEINWAY HALL,**  
New York.

**PRANG'S  
CHRISTMAS CARDS.**

**PRANG'S  
PRIZE XMAS CARDS.**

**PRANG'S  
BIRTHDAY CARDS.**

**PRANG'S  
ARTISTIC PANELS.**

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.



**DENTAL OFFICE OF**  
Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess.  
162 W. 23rd St., bet. 6th & 7th Aves., N. Y.

**HUMPHREY'S PARISIAN DIAMONDS**

Last forever, and are for sale only at

**Humphrey's Jewelry Store.**

ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF

**Solid Cold Jewelry**

AT LESS THAN MANUFACTURERS PRICES.

**819 BROADWAY,**

COR. 12TH STREET,

NEW YORK

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S  
STEEL PENS**

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.  
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

**Comfort, Durability,  
Lightness and Elegance.**

**THONET**

**BROTHERS,**  
Inventors and Manufacturers  
OF THE

World Renowned  
**AUSTRIAN  
BENT WOOD  
Furniture.**

PRINCIPAL DEPOT FOR THE  
UNITED STATES:

**814 Broadway,  
NEW YORK,**

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR  
**HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, CAFES, etc.**  
Price Lists and Circulars Gratis.



Did you ever notice the fact that if a girl has a seal-skin sack to wear to an entertainment, she'll keep it on until she becomes animated oleomargarine, whereas if she has a new dress handsomely trimmed, and no seal-skin, she'll dust out of her sack with the rapidity of a kerosene conflagration.—*Lockport Union.*

It is said that Col. Ingersoll didn't lose faith in the Bible until he collided with the story of Naomi marrying when she was 580 years old. He thinks that it is merely a campaign rumor; and it does seem a little off-color in this progressive age, when a woman only thirty-five years old can't lasso a man unless she has plenty of bonds and other valuable collaterals.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE beautiful and useful are nicely blended in some of the new fashions for ladies. For instance, the small hoop skirts with which, we regret to say, women are again about to encumber their hind legs, are to be closely woven and provided with flaps in the rear, through which the most fashionably dressed lady can introduce and carry home her marketing unknown to the giddy crowd.—*San Francisco Post.*

## The Reason Why.

The tonic effect of Kidney-Wort is produced by its cleansing and purifying action on the blood. Where there is a gravelly deposit in the urine, or milky, ropy urine from disordered kidneys, it always cures.—*Leader.*

**A. FRANKFIELD & CO.,**

**JEWELERS.**

**FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES  
DIAMONDS & JEWELS.**

**Corner 14th Street & 6th Ave.**



**IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL**

**North German Lloyd**

**STEAMSHIP LINE between**

**New York, Southampton & Bremen.**

*Sailing every Saturday.*

Company's Pier, foot of Second Street, Hoboken.  
DONAU... Saturday, Dec. 25th. | NECKAR... Saturday, Jan. 8th.  
RHEIN... Saturday, Jan. 1st. | UDER... Saturday, Jan. 15th.

Rates of passage from NEW YORK TO SOUTHAMPTON,  
HAVRE, or BREMEN:

First Cabin, \$80; Second Cabin, \$60; Steerage, \$20.  
Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$2.  
OELRICHS & CO., General Agents, No 2 Bowling Green.



**CUNARD LINE.**

**LANE ROUTE.**

**New York to Liverpool and Queenstown.**

Passengers embark from Pier 40, N. R. N. Y.

GALLIA... Wednesday, December 22nd, 9 A. M.  
BOTHNIA... Wednesday, December 29th, 2.30 P. M.  
PARTHIA... Wednesday, January 5th, 9 A. M.  
SCYTHIA... Wednesday, January 12th, 2 P. M.

And every following Wednesday.

RATES OF PASSAGE. First Class, \$60, \$70 and \$100 according to accommodation. Return Tickets on favorable terms. Tickets to Paris, \$75, additional. Steerage at very low rates. Steerage Tickets from Liverpool and Queenstown and all parts of Europe at very low rates. For Freight or Passage apply at the Company's Office. No. 4 Bowling Green.

**VERNON H. BROWN & CO, Agents**

**IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL.**

**HAMBURG AMERICAN**

**PACKET CO.'S STEAMERS,**

CIMBRIA, HERDER, LESSING, SUEVIA, WIELAND,  
FRISIA, GELLERT, SILESIA, WESTPHALIA,  
leave New York every Thursday, at 2 P. M., for England, France and Germany.

Rates of Passage to Plymouth, London, Cherbourg or Hamburg 1st Cabin \$100; 2d Cabin \$60; Steerage \$30; Prepaid Steerage tickets \$28. Round-trip at reduced rates.

**KUNHARDT & CO.,**

General Agents,  
**61 Broad St., N. Y.**

**C. B. RICHARD & CO.,**

General Passenger Agts.  
**61 Broadway, N. Y.**

**PUCK'S ANNUAL**

**KEEP'S SHIRTS, THE BEST.**

KEEP'S SHIRTS, the cheapest.

KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished.

KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best.

KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest.

KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate.

KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties.

KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for \$9.

KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for \$6.50.

GOLD PLATE COLLAR AND SLEEVE BUTTONS, free with every half dozen KEEP'S SHIRTS.

KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union at

KEEP'S risk.

KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Money refunded for goods not satisfactory.

Samples and circulars free to any address.

**KEEP MANUFACTURING CO.,**

**631, 633, 635 & 637 Broadway,**

**NEW YORK.**

**WM. ESTER & CO.,**

**IMPORTERS OF**

**SKINS AND MANUFACTURERS OF**

**FINE FURS,**

Seal Dolmans, Sacques, Silk Garments, &c.

**No. 4 West 14th Street,**

**NEW YORK.**

**LINDEMAN  
PIANOS.**

Most Elegant and Best Manufactured.

**92 Bleecker St., N. Y.**

**A. WEIDMANN & CO.,**

**Nos. 244 & 248 Grand St., New York,**

Importers of

**COSTUMERS MATERIALS**

Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles, etc.

A complete assortment of

**MASKS.**

Manufacturers of the patented "Humpty Dumpty" Face.  
Sample lots of Masks for the trade, comprising the most desirable styles, from five Dollars upwards.

**JULES MUMM & CO'S  
CHAMPAGNES.**

"UNEXCELLED IN FLAVOR AND BODY."

Introduced in America in 1852

The genuine Jules Mumm has a black necklabel bearing the inscription, "JULES MUMM & CO., REIMS," in gold letters.

The corks are also branded with full firm name.

THE CELEBRATED

**KRONTHAL**



**Natural**

**Mineral**

**Water,**



which received First Prize and Gold Medal at Munich 1879, and at Sydney, Australia, May 1880, as the most wholesome and most palatable table water for daily use.

**L. SOMBORN & CO.,**

SOLE AGENTS,

**12 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.**

The following numbers of PUCK will be bought at this office, 21 and 23 Warren Street, at 10 cents per copy: 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 33, 37, 43, 54, 56, 76, 77, 89, 117, 131; and No. 26 at 50 cents per copy.



**WHEN** the FIRST COOL CHILLINESS of the FALL develops, NOTHING can give more comfort than a **HOT DRINK** made from the Genuine Brown's Ginger, a teaspoonful or two with a few lumps of sugar and a half a pint of boiling water. It causes the skin to act, and strengthens and comforts.

**Frederick Brown,**  
Philadelphia.

**J. LUDOVICI'S**  
STUDIO  
AND  
PHOTOGRAPHIC  
GALLERY.

**CRAYON PORTRAITS**  
A SPECIALTY.

889 BROADWAY, Corner 19th Street.  
THOMAS LORD.

THERE was a brave soldier, a Colonel,  
Who swore in a way most infolone;  
But he never once thought,  
As a Christian man ought,  
He imperiled his own life etolone.  
—*Steubenville Herald.*

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than to convince a woman with very large feet that skating is a healthy and graceful exercise for the fair sex.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

NEW JERSEY went Democratic and has had two big bank failures already; the cashier is in jail, but all the money gone, and the depositors are wailing and gnashing their teeth and feeling in the lonesome depths of their empty pockets. Now, such things never happen in Iowa.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THEY now tell us that the idea of calling a man a "brick" is taken from Homer, and that "pull down your vest" is a quotation from Shakspeare. If this business isn't stopped it will get so that a man can't remark to a dog, "Gosh dern yer pelt," without being accused of dropping into the classics.—*Boston Post.*

Does the country sufficiently realize what a blessing Horace Greeley enjoyed, that he ran for President at a time when fac-simile letters had not been invented? The opposition could have printed any piece of the great journalist's writing and called it what they pleased, and no amount of denial on his part, or testimony on the part of his friends, could ever have proved that it wasn't what his enemies alleged it to be.—*Rockland Courier.*

"I UNDERSTAND," said a distinguished county politician of Dutch Flat, walking into the office of the local newspaper, revolver in hand, "I understand that you called me a liar in your newspaper yesterday."

"So I did, my dear sir," replied the editor, without looking up; "but I only said you were a campaign liar."

"Oh, is that all?" exclaimed the mollified intruder, and, after tendering the guardian of free speech his fine cut, he pocketed his artillery and walked peacefully out.—*San Francisco Post.*

The only GENUINE VICHY is from the Springs HAUTERIVE, CELESTINS, GRANDE GRILLE, Hospital.

**LYONS' UMBRELLAS**  
are stamped "Lyon, Maker," and are only for sale by first-class dealers.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.



**GERMAN**  
**SWEET CHOCOLATE.**

The most popular sweet Chocolate in the market. It is nutritious and palatable; a particular favorite with children, and a most excellent article for family use. The genuine is stamped S. German, Dorchester, Mass. Beware of imitations.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.  
**W. BAKER & CO.,**  
Dorchester, Mass.

**DR. HURD'S NEURALGIA PLASTER MAILED ON THE RECEIPT**  
of 25 cents. Address Dr. HURD, 32 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Postage Stamps Received.

**50 All Lithographed Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, 10c.**  
Agts. Big Outfit. 10c. GLOBE CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

**CANVASSERS** Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms.

**PUCK'S ANNUAL**



COPYRIGHTED.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

**Gentlemen's Hats,**

178-180 Fifth Ave., 179 Broadway,  
BETWEEN 22d & 23rd STREETS, NEAR CORTLANDT STREET,  
NEW YORK.

**J. W. JOHNSTON,**  
SHIRTS  
260 GRAND ST. N.Y.

**And Wool Scarlet Under Shirts, \$1. to \$1.50 Each.**

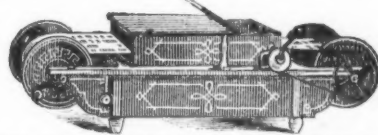
**Merino Under Shirts, 37, 50 & 75 cts. Each.**

**SIX DRESS SHIRTS TO MEASURE, FOR \$9.**

**Also, No. 379 SIXTH AVENUE,**  
3rd Door Above 23rd Street.

**ORGANS** \$30 to \$1000; 2 to 32 Stops.  
Pianos \$125 up. Paper free. Address  
Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

**THE ORGUINETTE**



IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSIC-PRODUCING INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

IT PLAYS EVERYTHING—SACRED, SECULAR AND POPULAR!

IT IS A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, AND THE KING OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen operating mechanically as Orguinettes, Musical Cabinets, and Cabinetos, at the most novel and interesting music warehouses in the world.

**No. 831 Broadway,**

BETWEEN 12th and 13th STS., NEW YORK.

**THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.,**  
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees. Send for Circular.

**SKATES! SKATES!**

LARGE STOCK AT  
75 cts., \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 7.50  
Send for Price List. **CARL RECHT, 183 Bowery.**

**\$72 A WEEK.** \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address **TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.**

**THE WILSON PATENT**  
**Adjustable Chair,**

WITH THIRTY CHANGES OF POSITIONS.  
Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped to any address, C. O. D. Send for Illustrated Circular. Quote Puck. Address the  
**WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR MANUFACTURING CO., 661 Broadway, N. Y.**

**COLUMBIA BICYCLE.**  
The Bicycle has proved itself to be a permanent, practical road vehicle, and the number in daily use is rapidly increasing. Professional and business men, seekers after health or pleasure, all join in bearing witness to its merits. Send 3c. stamp for catalogue with price list.  
**THE POPE MFG CO.,**  
48 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

**WALDSTEIN,**  
EXPERT OPTICIAN,

known in Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg and London for upwards of a Century, and in New York for forty years. Only the Finest Optical Goods kept on Stock, which the Public are respectfully invited to inspect.  
41 Union Square, Cor. Broadway and 17th St.

## Anheuser-Busch Brewing-Assoc'n.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

We are now receiving daily shipments of this Brewery's celebrated Beer which is finding so much favor at the Metropolitan Concert Hall, and in all places where it is sold. Dealers who wish to keep it will please apply to

A. C. L. & O. MEYER, Sole Agents,  
49 Broad Street, NEW YORK.

**BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!**



## Angostura Bitters.

An excellent appetizing tonic, of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by

Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

### Angostura Bitters.

Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS,  
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

J. W. HANCOX,

Sole Agent,

ANGOSTURA BITTERS 51 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## G. H. MUMM & CO'S CHAMPAGNE.

IMPORTATION IN 1879,

**49,312 CASES,**

OR

**22,526 Cases MORE**

than of any other brand.

**CAUTION.**—Beware of imposition or mistakes, owing to the great similarity of caps and labels, under which inferior brands of Champagne are sold.

In ordering G. H. MUMM & CO.'S Champagne, see that the labels and corks bear its name and initials.

FRED'K. DE BARY & CO.,

New York,

Sole Agents in the U. S. and Canadas.

## D. G. YUENGLING, JR.'S

EXTRA FINE

## DOUBLE BEER

competes with the best of Imported Brands.

**BREWERY,**

NEWLY BUILT, WITH ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Cro. 128th St. and 10th Ave., N. Y.

## MANHATTAN BREWERY,

942-944 Ninth Avenue.

BOTTLING DEPARTMENT,

946 Ninth Avenue, New York.

MICHAEL GROH,

Manager.

## Schmitt & Koehne, Central Park Brewery

and  
BOTTLING COMPANY.

Brewery, Bottling Department and Office 150-165 East 59th Street. Ice-house and Rock-vaults, 56th and 57th Street, Ave. A, and East River, N. Y.

**BOHEMIAN- AND LAGER-BEER**

The finest Beer for family use. The best Shipping Beer in bottles, warranted to keep in any climate for months and years.

WILL Mr. Vennor please shut the doors of his ice-house.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THE *Congressional Record* has again made its appearance. As usual, it will be classed as "dry" goods.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

A PHYSICIAN gives directions "How to see the blood circulate." His method is not as the old way of calling a prize-fighter a liar.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE editor headed an article, "Lydia Thompson Robbed," but the printer omitted one b, and the article created a great deal of surprise.—*Boston Post.*

THE discovery that oilmargarine is more soluble in buckwheat cakes than the competing ointment, has dismissed it from the winter patronage of the average boarding-house keeper.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

AN old lady in Chicago has seen almost all of our Presidents, and yet she does not wear spectacles when she reads. She thought that Washington on his white horse looked kind and good. She thinks that Grant's looks pleased her better than Jackson's did. Now she desires to see Garfield.—*N. Y. Herald P. I.*

A BOSTON physician says the custom of wearing flannels in cold weather is injurious to health. This declaration upsets a popular notion that has become very prevalent, but most people would rather wear flannels when the temperature is down to zero than when it is up to 97 degrees in the shade. If this physician wants to make male converts, he should pronounce the practice of wearing seal-skin saccques and silk velvet dresses in winter very injurious to health.—*Norristown Herald.*

NOT long since, in one of our neighboring villages, a young lady, who had been engaged to a fine young man for some time, met a richer person and soon put off the old love for the new. She wrote to the old lover, requesting him to return her photograph. Here was a chance for revenge, which he took by sending her the following note: "I would gladly reply with your request, but if I do so it will spoil my euchre deck. I have a collection of photographs which I use for playing cards, and do not wish to break it by giving away the deuce of diamonds."—*Oil City Derrick.*

[Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle.]

### Dangers to Iron Workers.

Mess. R. Esterbrook & Sons, City Iron Foundry, Boston, Mass., speak on this point as follows: "Two or three of our men were badly burnt in working. They were, however immediately cured by using that valuable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. All our men are highly pleased with it, and we shall always recommend it to those afflicted with pains or rheumatism."

## PUCK'S ANNUAL

## RUNK & UNGER,

No. 50 PARK PLACE,  
Sole Agents for

## Ayala-Château d'Ay

CHAMPAGNES.

TAUNUS NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

Dietrich & Co., Ruedesheim, Rhine Wines.

L. Tampi & Co., Bordeaux, Clarets.

Roulet & Delamain, Cognacs,

etc., etc.



## FRASH & CO.

10 Barclay St., New York.

## CHAMPAGNE,

"Continental" Brand.

In cases, quarts.....\$7.00  
" pints.....\$8.00  
" cocktails, 100 bottles.....\$7.00  
A suitable discount to the trade.

**TEN CENTS A GLASS.**

Champagne Pavillion at Coney Island, opposite New Iron Pier and adjoining West Brighton Beach Hotel. Also Cal. Hock, Claret, Angelica, Sherry and Brandy.



## KARL HUTTER'S Patent Lightning Bottle Stoppers

Also a Full Assortment of  
Lager and Weiss Beer Bottles,  
With or Without Stoppers On Hand.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS WITH NAME  
BLOWN IN THE BOTTLES.

A Large Selection Of Bottler's Supplies.

KARL HUTTER,

185 Bowery, New York.



## A. HELLER & BRO.,

35 & 37 Broad St., and 39 & 41 First Ave.,

are the only Importers of

## HUNGARIAN

Liquors and

in the United States and personally attending to directly from the Wine-growers districts of Hungary, and are of Wines and Liquors for at reasonable prices. Orders be promptly attended to, and

BRANCH: "Hotel Hungaria", No 4 Union Square,

WITH ELEGANT WINE ROOMS AND RESTAURANT.



## WINES, Crown Champagne,

Canada, who are regularly the selection of their Wines in the most renowned Wine able to furnish the very best Family and Medicinal use, left at the above places will delivered free of charge.







Wholesale Agents for the sale of this Brand in  
 Atlanta, Ga., Beerman & Kuhrt.  
 Bay City, Mich., L. S. Coman.  
 Boston, Mass., Geo. O. Smith.  
 Buffalo, N. Y., Albert Well & Son.  
 Burlington, Vt., Chas. E. Miner.  
 Charleston, S. C., Mantoue & Co.  
 Chicago, Ill., Bold, Murdoch & Fisher.  
 Chicago, Ill., Thorwart & Roehling.  
 Columbus, O., I. N. Howie.  
 Denver, Col., Abel Bros.  
 Detroit, Mich., M. L. Wagner.  
 Evansville, Ind., Geo. Lennort.  
 Flint, Mich., S. N. Andrews.  
 Fort Wayne, Ind., R. Mergel.  
 Indianapolis, Ind., Lefevre Bros.  
 Kansas City, Mo., J. P. Campbell & Co.  
 La Crosse, Wis., C. B. Solberg.  
 Lawrence, Kan., R. W. Ludington.  
 Leavenworth, Kan., Rohlfing & Co.  
 Louisville, Ky., Strong Bros.  
 Vicksburg, Miss., D. Rice & Co.  
 Memphis, Tenn., Rice & Yost.  
 Milwaukee, Wis., Ball & Goodrich.  
 Minneapolis, Minn., R. C. Newell & Co.  
 Mobile, Ala., S. L. Hahn.  
 Nashville, Tenn., Rosenholm & Bro.  
 New Orleans, La., C. B. Block & Co.  
 Norfolk, Va., J. Moritz.  
 Omaha, Neb., Meyer & Raapke.  
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Chas. T. Wagner.  
 Rochester, N. Y., H. Austin, Brewster & Co.  
 Sacramento, Cal., Lindley & Co.  
 San Francisco, Cal., Wellman, Peck & Co.  
 Savannah, Ga., M. Forst & Co.  
 Selma, Ala., A. Kayser.  
 St. Joseph, Mo., Meyer & Meyers.  
 St. Louis, Mo., Greensfelder Bros.  
 St. Louis, Mo., J. Newburger.  
 Toledo, O., W. S. Isherwood & Sons.

50 All Gold, Chromo & Lit'g. Cards, (No 2 Alike,) Name On, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

## BILLIARD AND 10-PIN BALLS.

Cloth, Cues, Cue-Tips, Chalk, etc., Checks, Chessmen, DICE, KENOS, PLAYING CARDS, Dominoes, etc.

IVORY, SHELL and PEARL.  
 Fancy Goods, TOILET SETS, Canes, Fans, etc. Repairing done.

**F. GROTE & CO.,**  
 No. 114 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

## DECKER'S



**POOL and BILLIARD TABLES,**  
 with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.  
 Good second hand tables always on hand.  
**WAREHOUSES, 726 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

**"JUST OUT."**  
**BOOK OF INSTRUCTION**  
 IN THE USE OF  
**INDIAN CLUBS,**  
**DUMB-BELLS,**  
 And other exercises. Also in the Games of  
**QUOITS, ARCHERY, ETC.**  
 Fully illustrated, bound in cloth. Price 25 Cents. Sent by mail on receipt of twenty-five cents postage stamps.  
**M. BORNSTEIN, Publisher,**  
 15 Ann St., New York.

THE tide is turning at last. A young man in Nelson county, Iowa, armed himself with a revolver and sallied out to shoot a young woman who had declined the offer of his hand. But she was up to snuff. She read the papers and had frequently seen accounts of similar affairs, quietly resolving that no discarded lover could make a victim of her, not if the court, or rather the courted, understood herself. When the young man arrived at the house on his deadly mission he found the fair but cruel one in the kitchen doing the week's ironing. She didn't appear to suspect anything and he expected to have an easy time preparing her for the coroner, but when he reached around to his pistol pocket with the remark that her time had come, she stated "I guess not," and knocked him down with the flat iron, demolishing his nose and front teeth. Then she gave him the scalding contents of a tea kettle that was singing a cheerful air on the stove, and when the family came in she was mopping the floor with him. The next time he proposes and is refused he will probably conclude that that settles it.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A LONDON dealer in second hand sermons announces that he has "a full assortment of cheap sermons at ten cents each, warranted orthodox, and others—a little more expensive—which have a pleasantness, yet an awful solemnity about them." We think a little business might be done in Brooklyn in "awful solemnities." What are the rates to clubs of ten, and is there a chromo attachment?—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

[Chicago Journal.]

**A Chicago Broker's Happy Investment.**  
 Lewis H. O'Connor, Esq., whose office is located at 93 Washington Street, this city, lately related the following in the hearing of one of our reporters as an evidence of special good fortune. "I have been suffering," said Mr. O'Connor, "for a number of weeks with a very severe pain in my back, believed to be from the effects of a cold contracted while on the lakes. I had been prescribed by several of our physicians and used various remedies. Three days ago I abandoned them all, and bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, applied it at night before retiring, and to-day feel like a new man. I experienced almost instant relief, and now feel no pain whatever."



## VIBROTYPE.

Patent granted March 16th, 1890.

Many endeavors have been made to avoid the sharpness and hardness peculiar to photographic portraits; but hitherto without success, in spite of years of patient experiment.

It has always been an undesirable disadvantage of all photographic processes, that too much stress is laid to the minor details of the picture, which offend the artistic eye by their unnecessary prominence—the fault of the lens, which reproduces everything within its range with impartial accuracy.

My New Process of photographing through heated [Vibrotypes] air, overcomes this defect, and produces a picture in which strongly marked features with harsh or peculiar lines, wrinkles, etc., are delicately and artistically softened and given a natural and lifelike appearance, while the necessity for the retouching process, so destructive to the likeness, is reduced to a minimum.

**W. KURTZ,**

PORTRAITS, MADISON SQUARE, (23d St.) NEW YORK.  
 BRANCH:  
 OLD P. O. BUILDING, Nassau Street, corner Liberty  
 Received Highest Premiums at  
 VIENNA, PARIS, NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA.

## PUCK'S ANNUAL

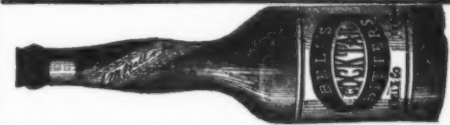
**HERRMANN SCHANZLIN,**  
 180 FULTON ST.,  
 betw. Broadway and Church Street.  
**SOLE AGENT**  
**IN THE EASTERN STATES**  
 FOR  
**BERINGER BROS.**  
 St. Helena, Napa County,  
 CALIFORNIA WINES and BRANDIES.

## PRINCIPAL DEPOT OF EUROPEAN MINERAL WATERS.

Apollinaris, Hunyadi, Carlsbad, Ems, Friedrichshall, Gieshübler, Homburg, Kronthal, Kissingen, Marienbad, Pölna, Schwalbach, Selters, Taunus, Vichy, Birmensdorf, Wilhelms-Quelle and fifty others.

**DEPOT FOR ALL AMERICAN WATERS.**  
 Bottlers of RINGLER'S New York, Cincinnati, Toledo and Milwaukee Beer. Agents for  
 GEBRUEDER HOEHL, Geisenheim. Rhine Wines.  
 TH. LAMARQUE & CO., Bordeaux. Clarets.  
 DUBOIS FRERE & CAGNION, Cognac. Brandies.

**P. SCHERER & CO.,**  
 48 Barclay Street, New York.



**JAMES M. BELL & CO.,**  
 31 Broadway, New York.

Price, Per Case, (One Dozen).....\$6.00

AUG. E. CREVIER. ALEX. TRENDLENBURG.

**A. E. CREVIER & CO.,**  
 Manufacturers of and Dealers in every Description of  
**Cards, Card Board,**  
 FANCY CARDS, ORDERS OF DANCING &c.,  
 in stock and made to order.  
 No. 180 William St., New York.

## RUSSIAN BATHS!

18 Lafayette Place,  
 Near Broadway, NEW YORK  
 Everything that Health and Comfort could devise for a perfect bath may be realized here

A KEY THAT AND NOT  
 WILL WIND ANY WATCH WEAR OUT.  
 SOLD FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 88 Day St., N.Y.

**PH. HAKE,**  
 Manufacturer and Importer of  
**FANCY BALL**  
**PROGRAMME COVERS,**  
 155 William St.,  
 FACTORY: 62, 64, 66 & 68 Ann St. New York.

## NICOLL, The Tailor,

620 Broadway, near Houston Street,  
 AND  
 189 to 151 Bowery, New York.  
 Pants to order - - - - - \$4 to \$10.  
 Suits to order - - - - - \$15 to \$40.  
 Overcoats from \$12 upwards.

Samples with instructions for self-measurement sent free to every part of the United States.

**JOHN A. DODGE & CO.,**  
 BANKERS and STOCK BROKERS,  
 12 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Buy and carry Stocks on 3 to 5 per cent. margin, and execute orders for Stock Privilege Contracts at favorable rates. Full information on all matters relating to Stock speculation furnished on application. Weekly Report of movements in the Stock market sent free.

## ABERLE'S NEW THEATRE,

8th St., bet. 4th Ave. and Broadway.  
 THE GREAT BILL OF THE SEASON. THE CARROLLS (R. M., Edwin H. and Master Richard) in the Great Drama (depicting a true simile of city life). THE ITALIAN PADRONE. An Olio that challenges comparison. See bills of the week.  
 62 MATINEES TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY.

50 Lithographed Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, 10c. Name in fancy type. CONN. CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

No. 194 FIFTH AVENUE,  
Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.  
No. 212 BROADWAY,  
Corner Fulton Street.  
STYLES ARE CORRECT!!

Agents for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every city in the U. S.

# KNOW, THE HATTER'S WORLD RENOWNED

ENGLISH HATS,  
"Martin's" Umbrellas.  
"DENTS" GLOVES.  
Foreign Novelties.  
QUALITY—THE BEST!!

## EDISON'S POLYFORM

Is the result of a long series of experiments by the distinguished inventor, upon himself and others, to relieve the terrible suffering of neuralgic pains. Under his name and guarantee it is offered to the public, with the assurance that it will relieve the excruciating pains of

**Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches.**

No higher testimony could be adduced than the certificate of Prof. Edison, who authorizes the publication of the following:

MENLO PARK, N. Y.  
I CERTIFY THAT THE PREPARATION KNOWN AS  
EDISON'S POLYFORM IS MADE ACCORDING TO  
FORMULA DEVISED AND USED BY MYSELF.  
THOMAS A. EDISON.

Sufferers who have despaired of ever being relieved and cured of these distressing complaints will find a certain relief by using

**EDISON'S POLYFORM,**  
Price \$1.00 per Bottle.

Prepared by  
THE MENLO PARK MANUFACTURING CO., NEW YORK.  
Sold by apothecaries and druggists.

**\$66** a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free.  
Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

## THE HOLMAN PAD



cures without medicine; simply by ABSORPTION. It is a safe and efficacious remedy for **MALARIA** and Liver and Stomach troubles.

For sale by all Druggists.  
Full treatise mailed free on application.

**HOLMAN PAD CO.,** 93 William St. N. Y.

Beware of Imitations and Counterfeits.

## THE SPINAL SHOULDER BRACE



Corrects round or drooping shoulders, expands contracted chests, strengthens weak backs, prevents spinal curvature, improves the form and voice. Price \$5.00, without back support \$2.50. Chest measure, height and sex required. Mailed on receipt of price. Instruments for spinal curvature and all other deformities.

**D. J. DE GARMO & CO.,**  
682 Broadway, N. Y.

## NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

**Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 28.**

Been in use 30 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for \$5, sent post free on receipt of price.

**Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,**  
109 Fulton Street, New York.

## ES-SE-EM-SEE

The New and Reliable Style of  
**AMERICAN 'STAR' SOFT CAPSULES.**



ASK FOR  
**S-C-M-C**—Retailer by all Druggists.  
Note Tin Box, Blue Wrapper, with Star Monogram.



## CASH PAID

FOR  
Old Newspapers, Books, Pamphlets, Rags, Rope and Bagging, Copper, Brass, Lead, Zinc, Pewter, Type Metal, Electrotypes, Stereotype Plates, Tin Foil, Tea Lead, and Old Metal of every description.

Orders by Mail punctually attended to.

Will send to any part of the City or suburbs.

**STOCKWELL,**  
25 Ann Street, N. Y.

50 **CHROMOS**, name in new type, 10c. by mail. 40 *Agts.*  
Samples, 10c. U. S. CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

THE following incident ought to have already occurred in some of our public schools:

Teacher—"Class in arithmetic fall in."

The boys fall in.

Teacher—"Now, boys, what is this I have in my hand?"

All the boys—"It's a dollar."

Teacher—"Yes, it's a legal tender dollar. It is called the dollar of the fathers. How much silver does it contain?"

Small boy—"Four hundred and twelve and a half grains."

Teacher—"That's right. Now, what do you call this? It is also a silver dollar, but what is it called?"

Small boy (after examination)—"It's a trade dollar."

Teacher—"That's right. Now, how much silver does it contain?"

Small boy—"Four hundred and twenty grains."

Teacher—"How much is it worth?"

No answer from the boy.

Teacher—"Well, it is worth ninety cents."

All the boys—"It is worth ninety cents."

Teacher—"Now, boys, tell me why it is that the dollar containing four hundred and twelve and a half grains of silver is worth one hundred cents, while the dollar containing four hundred and twenty grains is worth only ninety cents?"

Head of the class—"Damfino."

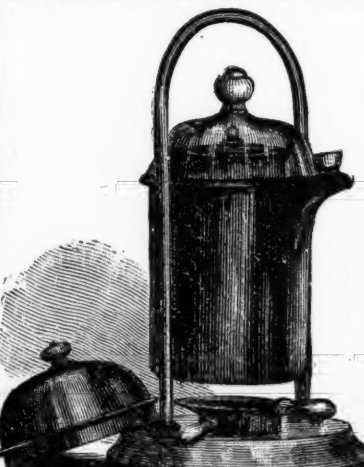
Teacher—"The class is dismissed."—*Reading News.*

PAWNBROKERS may be a hard-hearted set, but it must be admitted that there is a redeeming feature in their business.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and health, perfect wrecks from intemperance.

## THE FAMOUS VIENNA COFFEE POT.

WE have added to our House-Furnishing, China, Glass Cookery and Cooking Utensil Department a complete line of



the best STOVES and RANGES made for cooking, heating, and all purposes, which we will sell 25 per cent. below usual prices. Also Barroom Stoves and Fixtures.

Owing to our very large sales of the Famous Vienna Coffee Machines we are able to materially reduce the prices without in any way deteriorating the quality or efficiency of the machines. The new Prices are as follows:

Size.	Price.	Size.	Price.
8 Cup.	\$4 00	9 Cup.	\$7 00
4 "	5 00	10 "	8 00
6 "	6 00	12 "	9 00

Remember, by Cup is meant After Dinner Coffee Cup. THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

**E. D. BASSFORD,**

1, 2, 3, 12, 13, 15, 17, 19 and 21 Cooper Institute, NEW YORK.

## PUCK'S ANNUAL

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

## Oriental Cream, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES  
AS WELL AS  
BEAUTIFIES THE  
SKIN.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all Skin preparations." Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

Mme. M. B. T. Gouraud, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe. Also found in New York City at R. H. Macy & Co., Stern Bros., Ehrich & Co., I. Bloom & Bro., and other Fancy Goods Dealers.

Beware of base imitations which are abroad. We offer \$1,000 Reward for the arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

## NO MORE RHEUMATISM

Gout or Gravel. Schlumberger's harmless Salicylates (their purity being controlled as enforced by French laws, by the Paris Board of Pharmacy) relieve at once, cure within four days. Box \$1.00, postage free, has red seal trade mark and signature of agent. Beware of London Counterfeits and home-made imitations. Send stamp for pamphlet. L. PARIS, Gen. Agent for the United States. 102 West 14th Street. Thousands of references.

## TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 4 St. Marks Place, New York

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations!  
**BOKER'S BITTERS.**

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, P. O. Box 1029, 78 John St., N. Y.

## KIDNEY-WORT

### THE ONLY MEDICINE

That Acts at the Same Time on

**The Liver, the Bowels, and the Kidneys.**

These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect; if they become clogged dreadful diseases are sure to follow with

### TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Rheumatic Pains or Aches. are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should be expelled naturally.

### KIDNEY-WORT WILL RESTORE

the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer.

Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will once more gladden your heart.

Why suffer longer from the torment of aching back? Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles? **KIDNEY-WORT** will cure you. Try a package once and be satisfied.

It is put up in **Dry Vegetable Form**, in Tin Cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in **Liquid Form**, very Concentrated for those who cannot readily prepare it. It acts with equal efficiency in either form. YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT. PRICE \$1.00.

**WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's,**

(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.



# ARNOLD. CONSTABLE & CO.

## GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods and the latest styles in London and Paris Neck Dressings, Roles de Chambre, Smoking Jackets, Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Mufflers, made-up Underwear, Traveling and Flannel Night Shirts, Chamois Vests, Fur Collars and Gloves, Kid Mittens and Gloves, Driving Gloves in Buckskin, Dogskin and Castor, Silk and Woolen Wristlets, &c., &c.

BROADWAY and 19th Street.

# ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

## UMBRELLAS.

Christmas and New Year's offerings. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Silk Umbrellas, Plain and Richly Mounted.

BROADWAY and 19th Street.

1880 **JONES** 1840

WINTER AND HOLIDAY NOVELTIES.  
35 Complete Departments.

Personal and Housekeeping Outfits Furnished.  
SAMPLES SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

SUITS & CLOAKS.	HOUSEFURN'G GOODS.
BOYS' SUITS.	SILVERWARE.
DRESS GOODS.	GLASSWARE.
LINENS.	CROCKERY.
SILKS.	CHINA.

**JONES**

Eighth Avenue AND Eighth Avenue  
Nineteenth Street. AND Nineteenth Street.

**JONES**

SHOES.	LACES.
CARPETS.	GLOVES.
UPHOLSTERY.	HOSIERY.
FURNITURE.	MILLINERY.
DOMESTICS.	GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.  
**WINTER AND HOLIDAY CATALOGUE**  
Just Published. Correct Styles.  
COMPLETE PRICE-LIST.  
Unequalled inducements to out-of-town residents.

**JONES** 8th Avenue and 19th Street. **JONES**

1st Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.



**CARL WEIS,**  
Manufacturer of  
**Meerschaum Pipes & Holder,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
Finest Goods at lowest prices.  
Send for Circular.

STORE—399 Broadway, New York.  
FACTORIES—69 Walker St. and Vienna, Austria.

# PUCK'S ANNUAL

## SIGNOR SALVINI IN AMERICA.

[Enter together Salvini and N. D. Jones, one of the English-speaking company:  
Salvini—Della mia bella incognita borghese. Toccare il fin dell'avventura io voglio.

Jones—You don't mean it?

Salvini—Da tre lune ogni festa.

Jones—No, I am not a readjuster. Base uses true, but not as these, ha, ha!

Salvini—Partite? Crudele!

Jones—It is true. I have lost my grip.

Salvini—Ch'io pur mi mascheri. Sento il suo stemma.

Jones—You have still the advantage of me.

Salvini—Lasciatemi, stordito!

Jones—I go unwillingly.

Salvini—Lasciatemi, stordito!

Jones—As bad as that?

Salvini—Dorme! Parla, siam soli—

(A delay of some minutes.)

French prompter—Parbleu!

Jones—What is the cue?

Salvini—Siam soli.

Jones—Siam?

French prompter—He tell you. "Siam."

Jones—What is it in English? I've lost my key.

French prompter—"Siam soli." We are alone.

Jones—Come in.

Salvini—Stordito! Ciel, dammi coraggio!

Jones—(All right, damn coraggio!)

(Exit Jones.)

Salvini—Si, vendetta, tremenda vendetta di quest'anima e solo desio—Di punirti già l'ora s'affretta, che fatale per te tuonerà, come fulmin scagliato da Dio—il buffone colpirti saprà (aside) I vaita, vaita.

Enter Miss Marie Prescott, one of the leading ladies, and W. F. Owen, comedian of the English-speaking company.

Marie Prescott—You are delirious.

Salvini—Parfata ed angiol.

Owen—The opportunity is lost, mighty warrior. Selah.

Salvini—Povero cor di donna!

Marie Prescott—That does not convince me.

Salvini—La donna e mobile qual piuma al vento.

Marie Prescott—Who would have thought it?

Salvini—Qual gioia feroce—feroce!

French prompter—Ne le savez-vous pas?

Salvini—Semprie.

French prompter—Mon Dieu! qu'est-ce qu'il veut?

Marie Prescott (to French prompter)—Do I give my cue in Italian?

Salvini—Fool! Un vendice avrai.

Marie Prescott—Then he gave her the money she wrote for?

Salvini—Si.

Marie Prescott—Incredible. I will go to him myself.

Salvini—Per l'ingrato ti chiedo pietà!

Owen—Here we are again.

Salvini—Oh! il bel zerbino.

Marie Prescott—Money is no object.

Salvini—Schiudete.

Marie Prescott—The angel hath spoken in the devil's cause.

Owen—I should smile.

Salvini—Miratela.

Marie Prescott—Who could indeed misunderstand you?

Salvini—Miratela.

Owen—I will get there.

Salvini—Miratela.

Owen—I pass.

[French prompter's bell rings; curtain falls. End of act.]—*Ernest Harvier in Phila. Mirror.*

PRINCESS LOUISE has written a piano forte solo "The Doctor's Galop." H'm, let's see. There never has been a doctor's galop in the family, we believe.—*New Haven Record.*

**JAMES McCREERY**  
BROADWAY & CO. ELEVENTH ST.

ANNOUNCE A PURCHASE

OF

**REVERSIBLE  
SILK**

and

**SATIN**

**BROCADES,**

IN EVENING COLORS.

Retail Price, \$1.50 per yard.

NOTHING APPROACHING the ABOVE  
in VALUE has ever been offered  
under \$2.50.

**E. Ridley & Sons,**  
GRAND, ALLEN & ORCHARD STS.

**HANDKERCHIEFS,**  
IN FANCY BOXES.

**Holiday Presents.**

**GENTLEMEN'S,  
1-2 DOZEN IN EACH BOX.**

HEMSTITCHED INITIAL, AT \$3.25 THE BOX.  
HEMSTITCHED INITIAL AT \$2.25 BOX.  
HEMSTITCHED INITIAL, COLORED BORDERS,  
AT \$3.  
HEMSTITCHED, PLAIN, \$2, \$2.25 UP THE BOX.

**FOR LADIES,**

**1-2 DOZEN IN EACH BOX.**

HEMSTITCHED INITIAL, LAUNDRIED, \$1.50, \$2.50,  
\$3.50 BOX.  
PLAIN HEMMED, 50c., 50c. 65c., 75c., 85c. BOX UP.  
HEMSTITCHED, PLAIN, \$1, \$1.25, 1.50, \$1.80 BOX.  
COLORED BORDERS, 85c., \$1, \$1.10, \$1.25 BOX.

**SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, SILK MUFFLERS.**

**EMBROIDERED SETS,  
IN FANCY BOXES.**

LINEN, 19c., 25c., 40c. TO \$1.50 THE SET.  
SWISS, 29c., 55c., 69c., 75c. TO \$3 THE SET.

**LACE HANDKERCHIEFS,**

BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT. ALL PRICES.

**MADE-UP LACE GOODS.**

LACE TIES, VESTS, JABOTS, BARBES, &c.

**Edw. Ridley & Sons,**

309, 311, 311 1-2 GRAND ST.,

55, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68 and 70 ALLEN STREET.

AND 59 ORCHARD STREET.

# PUCK'S ANNUAL

OLD NOT ENTER



A STYLISH "TURNOUT."